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**Articles by Creighton Gilbert (On Italy),
Annette Michelson (On Paris), Alfred Werner (On Vienna),
Alan Bowness (On London) and others.**

**This Special Supplement will be particularly valuable
for readers planning to go abroad this spring and summer.**

The newsstand price of this Double May-June Number will be \$1.75.

**In addition to the Supplement on Art Travel, the May-June
Number will include all of ARTS's regular features. Among
the outstanding contributions will be Sibyl Moholy-Nagy's
analysis of the F.D.R. Memorial Competition and Sidney Tillim's
evaluation of the Burgoyne Diller exhibition.**

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Contributors

John Simon is a free-lance writer and critic. He has written on art for the *Sunday New York Times*, *The Reporter* and *Mid-Century*, and writes on the theater for *The Hudson Review*. He lives in New York.

Edouard Roditi is the author of two recently published collections of interviews with modern European artists appearing in both English and German editions.

George Woodcock, who contributed the essay-review of André Malraux's *The Metamor-*

phosis of the Gods in the November issue, writes frequently for these pages. He is currently at work on a critical study of the twentieth-century French novel.

Alfred Werner, who writes on the Ingres exhibition at the Rosenberg Gallery, is the author of a forthcoming book on Jules Pascal.

Martica Sawin has been a critic of the New York scene for several years. Her previous contributions to ARTS include articles on Jan Müller, Hyde Solomon and Ralph Rosenberg.

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Ingres, *La Petite Baigneuse*; collection the Phillips Gallery, Washington, D. C. See Alfred Werner's "A Second Look at Ingres," pages 32-35, occasioned by the coming benefit show at the Rosenberg Gallery in New York.

Forthcoming

Sidney Tillim writes about the new paintings of Burgoyne Diller . . . a special travel section, which will comprise extended essays by **Creighton Gilbert**, **Alfred Werner**, **Alan Bowness** and **Annette Michelson** . . .

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LETTERS

In Defense of Valéry

To the Editor:

It was bracing to discover in Mr. Donald Sutherland's article on Paul Valéry [December] a personal and knowing response to a writer hard to come by. It was amusing, intelligent—excellent. On rereading and some reflection, however, I find that it also means to be taken seriously, and I want to do that.

The last half is generally sound, with the exception of a few showy phrases like "ingratiating pedantry." The best passage is the one where Sutherland takes a straight look at Cubism and Mr. Douglas Cooper, and rightly reproaches Valéry for his failure to "see that geometric rudiments were as necessary a 'convention' for the Cubists as his own premises of totality, unity, finality and actuality . . . were necessary to the perspective of his mind." This is good insight.

It is disappointing, however, to see him fall in with Cooper's mistaken notion that Valéry was "radically out of sympathy . . . with the Impressionist movement." Newspaper critics can be expected to take their cues from the preface rather than the book—it's easier and saves time. But a critic writing in ARTS is expected to read the book and speak for himself, as Sutherland for the most part does. Since Valéry's admiration for the Impressionists is in a way the point of his book, it is surprising to see two quite different critics agree in missing it, and their lapse should be filled in.

It is true that in his essay on Corot, Valéry includes the Impressionists in his theory that the whole nineteenth century was decadent in specific ways, both in writing and painting. But this is considerably less than half of his view. How is it possible to miss what he says *passim*, and what in fact his book is—a tribute to the Impressionists? One passage (p. 116) is enough to make the point: "Between 1839 and 1845 . . . were born in succession Cézanne, Monet, Renoir, Berthe Morisot, Stéphane Mallarmé, Paul Verlaine . . . Some thirty years later, under these soon-to-be famous names there began the production of works that are nowadays grouped (without in the least diminishing their individuality) under the terms *Impressionism* and *Symbolism*. Some thirty years later still, all these painters and poets were dead, or soon to die, leaving behind them an output more original, perhaps, than anything produced in France since the end of the Middle Ages. Simply to consider their contemporaneous works together creates a completely extraordinary impression of variety of vision and choice of methods, all flourishing in the same place at the same time. The co-existence of Cézanne and Monet, of Verlaine and Mallarmé, is enough to show how richly divergent were the aims and technical resources which asserted themselves during the second half of the last century." The passage continues like this for several pages.

Actually it would be enough simply to look in the index under "Monet" and read the relevant passages, to be convinced of Valéry's sympathy with the Impressionists. He knew Monet intimately, was often with him, talking or watching him work, and admired him probably above all the rest, even Degas, though the occasion never arose to write an essay about him. Didn't Valéry, after all, compare him to Mallarmé?

The painters with whom Valéry was "radically out of sympathy" were his younger contemporaries—Picasso, Braque, Léger, all of them. Not one of their names is mentioned anywhere in

any of his writings on art. This, surely, is what misled Mr. Cooper and why, as Sutherland noticed, "he barely manages to keep his preface civil."

Sutherland's prevailing notion of Valéry's work, if taken seriously, won't do. It goes like this: "a great preponderance of doodling and jotting" . . . "a marginal doodle" . . . "disparate jottings" . . . "oddments" . . . "notations" . . . "bric-a-brac of image and idea" . . . "marginalia" . . . "capricious 'moments'" . . . "exquisite manipulations of the convention of the doodle in discourse." The critic who adopts such a theme clearly knows how to get his distance, a personal and American distance—he is not to be taken in by the ordinary French view of Valéry (often adoring). But I do believe he likes being taken in by himself. The *blague* is a limited and difficult convention to handle, especially in talking about a writer whose work is still little known. It betrays Mr. Sutherland most remarkably in his title: "Napoleon's Toothbrush and Other Phenomena." He admits that his author's "doodling" had inspired him to some "epidoodling." But the difference is radical: Valéry may pretend to be doodling but is meanwhile talking in depth, going to the heart of his own system in casual asides; Sutherland admits his own epidoodling and is actually doing it. He picks up "Napoleon's toothbrush" from an unimportant corner, fiddles with it trying to make it make a sense it never had (it simply describes), can make nothing of it, and so decides to set it up in place of a title. Well, it is catchy.

One of his remarks seems to me fundamentally wrong and therefore indirectly illuminating. Valéry, he says, "did not accept, much less consecrate, the natural disorder of his mind." He not only accepted it but made it one of the basic terms of his system, calling it "the natural course of sensibility." He consecrated it in his poems *La Jeune Parque* and *La Pythie*.

Sutherland's style seems to work on the principle of reverse English. Sentences, paragraphs and actually the whole article start out in one direction but with such a fast spin, carrying its own excitement, that they wind up in another quarter. For example, the parenthesis on David Paul's translation. Sutherland opens by striking the gong: "boners!" (The two he points out are not.) Then a backhanded poke, which nevertheless manages to credit Mr. Paul with "the good intention of making the translation read like an independent work in English." A translator himself, Mr. Sutherland must know that in translating a modern work written in a great personal style there is no better intention a translator could have. Scott-Moncrieff's Proust makes the point. By the way, it seems to me that Valéry and Proust created the only great personal prose styles in French in our century. Sutherland goes on: "the content of the original, under the idiomatic English, is wonderfully transubstantiated into an English content." And finally, "Mr. Paul has written an immensely readable English book." Mind you, all this rich and deserved praise is meted out in asides aiming to show that the translation is no good. Mr. Sutherland either hasn't made up his mind or is being taken in by his own device.

Another example is the compliment in reverse English (i.e., the reproach) to Bollingen Series for publishing so much Valéry—fifteen volumes! I sometimes feel that way myself. But then I remember that not only is Valéry still unknown over here (the idea of the Collected Works in English), he is not yet known in France—though he has regularly outranked Gide and Proust, and so hardly needs to be "extended to occupy their place," at least over there. I believe that a writer's situation at his death tells a great deal about his relation to his audience. As I see it, Gide died too well known in every way. Proust died

famous and nearly known, Valéry died in public glamor but three-fourths unknown, the keel and hold of his mind submerged in some thirty thousand pages of notebooks which so far as he was concerned were his work.

Has Mr. Sutherland seen a set of the *Cahiers*? They are being published in photographic offset by the French government—no publisher would undertake the thirty large volumes. Volume 23 is out. I take it that no one can yet have digested these, but I have been working around them for some years and the Valéry I think I see emerging is precisely what Mr. Sutherland, along with everybody else, says he is not: a systematic thinker. Only his method is deliberately unsystematic. Valéry developed and held a complete view of man and the world, but he rejected traditional philosophic discourse and maintained to the end his entirely personal habit of exploratory meditation-notation. Sutherland says that Valéry neither created ideas nor organized them. It seems to me that he actually created a few ideas—a rare and lonely achievement—but never bothered to organize them until it was too late, always depending on his central vision to hold the system together. Some of his last years were given to reviewing and classifying his vast production, but he never finished. It may be that when his lectures on *poetics* are known, we shall find in them his only sustained effort to give us a notion of his system.

JACKSON MATHEWS
Editor of "The
Collected Works of Paul Valéry"

MR. SUTHERLAND REPLIES:

Mr. Jackson Mathew's letter about my article on Valéry is chastening enough on several counts, but especially to my sanguine assumption that certain things go without saying. I should have said that a system of thought has no more value, except to the philosophical technician, than a random intuition. One can prefer, as I do, the mentality of a Montaigne or a Diderot to that of a Descartes. If Valéry is, deep in his notes, more systematic than I suggested he was, I like him the less for it and need not admire him the more. But I should have said so, because in our present vogue for the bureaucratization of everything, including the mind, any reader may assume that the lack of a total philosophical system is an essential failure.

Likewise I should have said that all translations have their good points and their bad points. I did not "aim to show that the translation is no good" by mixing praise and blame; but such is our tendency toward absolute good and evil that even a better than faint praise seems to damn—or to show I have not made up my mind. As to the "boners," I should have said "interpretations" or "embellishments," but I did not think it possible they were conscious.

I also should have said that Valéry's being radically out of sympathy with Impressionism did not keep him from liking and admiring certain Impressionists, the brilliance of their work and their dedication as artists, but if he aspired to a kind of Classical perfection, a Renaissance or Racinean finality, he could not, as an artist, have been in deep sympathy with Impressionism. Perhaps I should have said that like Degas or Cézanne he lived in it but was up to something else.

I had no idea that Valéry was so little known here or in France—or I certainly should have declaimed more about his obvious importance.

—D.S.

P. S.: Please assure Mr. Mathews I did read the book in question, along with a number of others, and even peeked at the *Cahiers*.



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AUCTIONS

Notable Moderns in Sale at Parke-Bernet

ONE of the important art sales of the New York season will bring before the public this month an impressive assemblage of modern paintings, sculptures and drawings, from the collections of Ira Hotchkiss, Miami, Florida, Maxime Hermanos, New York, and other owners. The auction will take place at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on the evening of April 26.

Of special note in the coming sale is the Toulouse-Lautrec *Danseuse*, formerly in the collections of Comte François Doria and Georges Renaud, and included in the 1931 Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Chagall is represented by two of his major works, *Fiancé au Bouquet Blanc* and *Chrysanthèmes*, and Picasso by two early (1901) poster paintings, *Au Moulin Rouge* and *Jardin de Paris*, formerly in the collection of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. Renoir's *La Ferme à Essoyes* (1908) is illustrated in the Bernheim-Jeune album, and Pissarro's study of two figures,

La Charité, formerly in the collection of Georges Viau, is recorded as No. 375 in the Pissarro-Venturi catalogue.

The sale will also include Courbet's *La Vague*, a Cézanne water color, a Rouault *Tête de Clown*, two seascapes by Guillaumin, two Légers, a fine landscape by Vlaminck and canvases by Utrillo, Venard, Raoul Dufy and Marchand. Among the German painters represented are Klee, Nolde, Feininger, Kollwitz and Grosz. American works include two Mary Cassatt pastel portraits, *Jeune Femme au Corsage Rose Clair* and *Fillette Assise en Robe Rouge*, as well as examples by Whistler, Marin, Grandma Moses, Evergood, Avery, Albers and Hofmann. A group of sculptures includes Braque's *Standing Woman*, Pompon's *Le Coq*, three portrait heads by Epstein and an alabaster *Dolphin* by Zadkine.

Works in the sale will be on exhibition from April 22 at Parke-Bernet, 980 Madison Avenue.



Toulouse-Lautrec, *Danseuse*.



Cassatt, *Jeune Femme au Corsage Rose*.

AUCTION CALENDAR

April 7 & 8, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture and paintings, from the estate of the late Lillian S. Whitmarsh. In addition to portraits by Reynolds and Lawrence, the collection includes works by Beechey, Morland, Mariesschi, Cotes and Roslin. Exhibition from April 1.

April 11, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. American autographs from the private collections of Richard Maass and Nat E. Stein. Included are a large group of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a George Washington letter written less than a month before his death and a copy of the first complete rendition of the Jewish Prayer Book (1766). Exhibition from April 1.

April 14 & 15, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations, from various owners, including Mrs. Marcel M. Clairmont. Exhibition from April 8.

April 19, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Diamond and other precious-stone jewelry, collected by the late Baroness Gourgaud, sold by order of the Eva Gebhard Gourgaud Foundation, as well as from the estate of the late Mary Duke Biddle and others. Exhibition from April 15.

April 21 & 22, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture, paintings, silver, from two private collections; estate of the late Russell C. Leffingwell, New York, and property of Roy Leventritt, Syosset, Long Island. Exhibition from April 15.

April 26, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important modern paintings, drawings, sculptures, from the collections of Ira Hotchkiss, Miami, Florida, Maxime Hermanos, New York, and other owners. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from April 22.

April 29, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English furniture and decorations from various owners. Exhibition from April 22.

May 10, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Manuscripts and books, collected by the late Hiram J. Halle and Lillian S. Whitmarsh, and from other sources. Including Sir Isaac Newton manuscripts; works on political economy, money and credit, trade, population, the Bank of England and the East India Co.; also fine standard sets. Exhibition from April 29.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



Kenneth B. Murdock



R. F. Humphreys



Karl Knaths



Alfred Werner

Kenneth B. Murdock (above), of Harvard University, will be director of the *Villa I Tatti*, near Florence, Italy. Dr. Murdock, a historian and scholar of the history and literature of the seventeenth century, and former dean of the Harvard faculty of arts and sciences, is presently Francis Lee Higginson Professor of English Literature at the university. *I Tatti*, long the residence and workshop of the art critic and historian Bernard Berenson, was left to Harvard in Mr. Berenson's will. Dr. Murdock expects to assume his duties there this summer.

The appointment of **Dr. Richard Franklin Humphreys** (above) as president of the **Cooper Union** for the Advancement of Science and Art has been announced in New York by Irving S. Olds, chairman of the Cooper Union trustees. A leading scientist in the nuclear field, Dr. Humphreys is now vice-president of Armour Research Foundation of the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago, and will assume his position at Cooper Union on June 1. He succeeds **Dr. Edwin S. Burdell**, who retired in February, 1960, to become president of the Middle East Technical University in Ankara, Turkey, after twenty-two years as director and president of Cooper Union.

Karl Knaths (above) will receive **Brandeis University's** medal for outstanding artistic achievement; **George Mueller** will receive the university's painting citation. Both honors carry a grant of \$1,500. Since 1956 Brandeis has offered eight Creative Arts Awards annually, two each in the fields of music, fine arts, theater and poetry; the winners are selected by the university's Creative Arts Awards Commission and appointed juries. Previous medal winners include Stuart Davis, Edwin Dickinson, Jacques Lipchitz, Naum Gabo.

Alfred Werner (above), art advisor to the American Jewish Congress, will organize a number of group exhibitions and one-man shows at the Congress headquarters, the Stephen S. Wise House, at 115 East 84th Street, New York City. The first exhibition, "The Bible in Art," will open in April. Mr. Werner, who is a contributing editor for *ARTS*, is the author of numerous articles on nineteenth- and twentieth-century art. He is also the author of a forthcoming full-length study of Jules Pascin.

The **Museum of Modern Art** has announced the election of **William A. M. Burden**, former ambassador to Belgium, as chairman of the board of trustees. Mr. Burden, a trustee since 1943, has previously served as president and as board chairman. **Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III** was re-elected president, and two new vice-presidents

were named, **Ralph F. Colin** and **James Thrall Soby**. **Henry Allen Moe**, who served as chairman of the board during Mr. Burden's year and a half in Brussels, has been elected a vice-chairman of the board serving with **William S. Paley**, chairman of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

In New York, **E. H. Gombrich**, director of the Warburg Institute at the University of London, will deliver a lecture on "Communication and Expression in Art" at the **New School for Social Research** on April 13. The lecture will be given at 8:30 in the evening for invited guests of the New School. Mr. Gombrich is the author of *The Story of Art* and the more recently published *Art and Illusion*, the Mellon lectures for 1956.

President Harold C. Case of Boston University has announced that **Edwin E. Stein**, dean of the University of New Mexico's College of Fine Arts, has been named dean of the **Boston University School of Fine and Applied Arts**, effective July 1. Mr. Stein will succeed Dr. Robert A. Choate, who resigned last year to resume teaching music at the school. George K. Makechnie of the university's Sargent College has also been serving as acting dean of the school.

A sculpture by **Ezio Martinelli**, thirty feet long and seventeen feet high, will be placed on the exterior wall of the General Assembly Building at the **United Nations Headquarters** in New York. Donated by private individuals and groups throughout the country who have formed the National Council for United States Art, the work will join two others commissioned by the council for the UN: a bronze by **Robert Cronbach** and a bas-relief by **José de Rivera**. The Martinelli sculpture, whose design was personally selected and approved by Dag Hammarskjöld, will be unveiled at a ceremony in June.

Gardner Cowles has been elected a trustee of the **Museum of Modern Art**. Mr. Cowles, president and editor of *Cowles Magazines* and Broadcasting Co., has been a corporate member of the museum since 1950. He has been serving as co-chairman of the museum's Thirtieth Anniversary Fund Drive since last fall. He is also a trustee of Drake University and the University of Miami.

Ioeh Ming Pei will receive the 1961 **Brunner Award** of \$1,000 of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The award, established with funds bequeathed to the Institute by the widow of Arnold W. Brunner, former treasurer of the Institute and an architect and town planner of distinction, has been given annually since 1955 to

an American architect who has made a contribution to architecture as an art. Mr. Pei will receive the award at the joint annual Ceremonial of the National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters in May.

John F. Hargeson was elected president of the **National Academy of Design** at its recent annual meeting. Among other officers elected were **C. Paul Jennewein**, first vice-president; **Ogden M. Pleissner**, second vice-president, and **Louis Bouché**, corresponding secretary. **Kenneth Adams**, **Edward Betts**, **Ben Kamihira**, **Adolf Dehn**, **Marshall Fredericks**, **Hazel Brill Jackson** and **Richard Kimball** were elected to academicianship.

James Taylor Forrest has assumed the directorship of the **Art Museum of New Mexico** in Santa Fe. Mr. Forrest was formerly director of the Gilcrease Institute in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Ralph Mayer, artist, paint technologist and author, will direct the **Artists Technical Research Institute** in New York City. The institute, a non-profit corporation whose purpose is to provide the practicing painter with knowledge of the technical or craft components of his art, through laboratory investigations, will issue a journal which will publish, along with the Institute's findings, articles of value to the practicing painter. The Institute has developed its program with the financial assistance of Huntington Hartford.

AWARDS AND GRANTS

Michael Rapuano, president of the American Academy in Rome, has announced the awarding of the **Rome Prize Fellowships** for 1961-62. **Robert M. Golder**, **Bernard N. Steinberg**, **Charles T. Stifter**, **Leslie R. Bassett**, **A. Robert Birmelin**, **Robert J. Jergens**, **Stephen C. Werlick**, **Horst De La Croix**, **James J. M. Curry**, **Charles P. Segal** and **Arthur R. Steinberg** will each receive a fellowship carrying \$3,000 and free residence and studio at the Academy.

The **Ford Foundation** has announced a second series of fellowships for studies in the creative arts, and the names of eleven recipients. Designed to assist persons not regularly associated with academic institutions to undertake studies of significance in the creative arts, the eleven fellowships were awarded to **Dore Ashton**, **Sol Baitis**, **Marie Farnsworth**, **Robert Forth**, **Douglas Howell**, **Paul Mills**, **Philip R. Randall**, **Mary Rasmussen**, **Charles Shackford**, **Lee Simonson** and **Chester Sprague**.

The board of directors of the **Edwin Austin Abbey Memorial Scholarship Fund** for Mural Painting in the United States has announced that the winner of the 1961 competition is **Marjorie E. Kreilick**, of Madison, Wisconsin. Miss Kreilick's award is a fellowship in mural painting for one year at the American Academy in Rome in the amount of \$3,500.

The **National Academy of Design** has announced that twenty-nine awards were made from a total of 240 works in its recent 136th Annual Exhibition in New York. **William Thon**, **Ogden M. Pleissner**, **Jules Kirchenbaum**, **Ivan Albright** and **Ernest Fiene** received a total of \$7,000 from the entire \$11,325 in prize money.

The **Pennsylvania Academy** in Philadelphia has announced that **Sidney Goodman**, **Bessie Boris** and **Chen Chi** won awards in the division of water color, **Charlene Craighead** and **Gabor Peterdi** were recipients of prizes in the print section, and **Philip Evergood** was the top winner in the drawing division of the Academy's recent 156th annual exhibition.

Harold Altman, Milton Johnson and G. Leiber received top awards in the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of Boston Printmakers, recently held at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Glen Alps, Lee Chesney, Morton Dimondstein, Joseph Fay and Richard Ziemann won purchase awards in the Thirty-second Northwest Printmakers International Exhibition originated at the Seattle Art Museum. The exhibition is currently on view at the Portland Art Museum.

The Long Beach Museum of Art has announced the winners of its Ninth Annual Exhibition. Larry Shep, Bettina Brendel, Connor Everts and Bobbie Jean Fisher received purchase awards from the California museum.

William Bristow, Zoltan F. Buki, Mary Chenoweth, Stephen Magada, Jean C. Rush, Mac Schweitzer, Dickson Reeder, Daniel Lang, Jim Stoker and Lynn Schroeder received purchase awards for work recently shown in the Eleventh Annual Southwestern Print and Drawing Exhibition at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts.

The National Society of Painters in Casein has named the winners in its Seventh Annual Exhibition, recently held at the Riverside Museum in New York City. Rita Leff, Robert E. Borgatta, Lena Gurr, John Wheat, Albert Marzano, J. Phillip Richards, Sydney Taylor, Trude Wiesen, Homer W. Johnson, C. Fuller Quin, Esman, Sol Mann, Serge Hollerbach and Florian G. Kraner received the top awards.

The winners of the Everson Museum's Ninth Syracuse Regional Art Exhibition have been announced. Roy Simmons, George Vander Sluis, Carl Zollo, James Dwyer, Lloyd Schultz, Gordon Steele, James Achuff, Alfred Wardle, Montague Charman, Margaret Bochner, Eugene Miller, Jack Wolsky and Henry Gernhardt shared more than \$1,100 in awards.

Winners of the American Color Print Society's Twenty-second Annual Exhibition, recently held at the Print Club in Philadelphia, were Benton Spruance, Harry Kind, Ansei Uchima, Zigmunds Friede, Destra Frankel and Rosa Lee Lovell. Norio Azuma and Irene Lagoria received honorable mention.

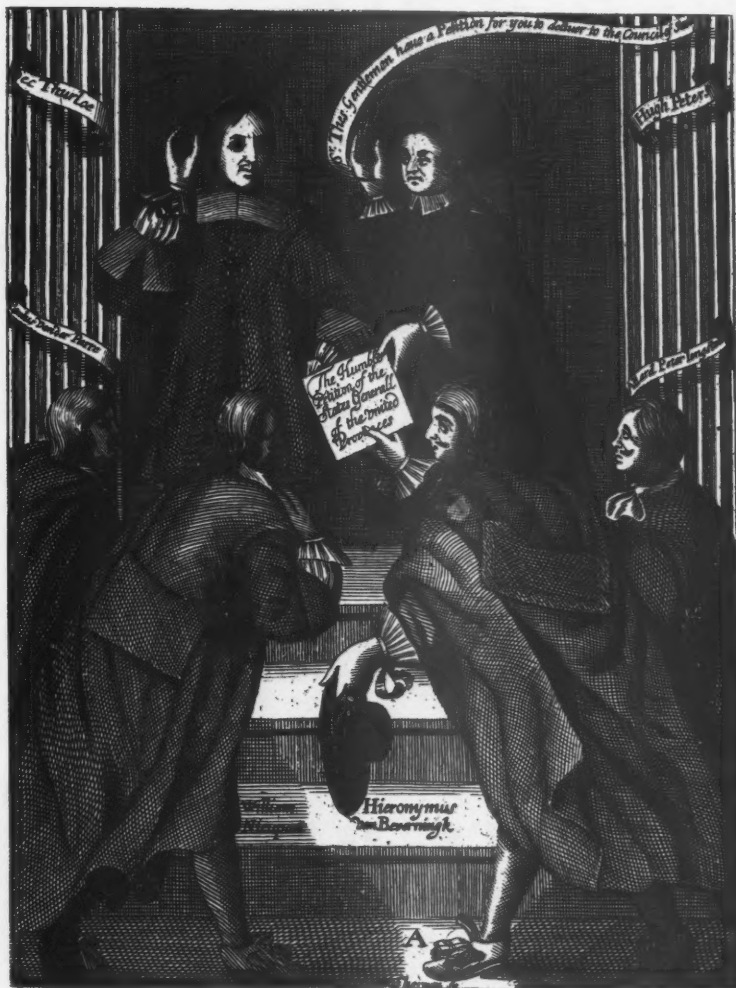
The painter Mary Ascher has been awarded a Huntington Hartford Foundation Fellowship in painting.

NEWS NOTES

Columbia University's School of Architecture is now in the midst of a six-week program in celebration of the great founders of contemporary architecture—Walter Gropius, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier and the late Frank Lloyd Wright. The program, extending through April and entitled "The Four Great Makers," brings Gropius, Van der Rohe and Le Corbusier to Columbia's Morningside Heights campus to meet with distinguished groups of international architects, educators and writers in a critical re-examination of the issues of contemporary architecture.

Application for Fulbright awards in university lecturing and advanced research for 1962-63 may be made until May 1, 1961. Those eligible must be United States citizens with at least one year of college or university teaching experience for the lecturing awards, and a doctoral degree or recognized professional standing for the advanced research awards. Application forms and additional information may be obtained by writing: Conference Board of Associated Research Councils, Committee on International Exchange of Persons, 2101 Constitution Avenue, Washington 25, D. C.

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BOOKS

LA RUCHE by Jacques Chapiro. Paris. Flammarion.

14 CITE FALGUIERE by Diogo de Macedo. Lisbon. Jornal do Foro.

Now that Hollywood begins to concern itself with the fabrication of picturesquely pious legends about such saints of the new religion of art as Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh or Modigliani, it becomes increasingly important to obtain at first hand some lesser-known facts about the material and other conditions under which pioneers of the modern movement lived and produced some of the masterpieces on which their fame now rests. Books like Chapiro's account of life in La Ruche and in the slums beyond Montparnasse where Soutine, Brancusi, Modigliani, Léger, Chagall and others worked ought to be brought out in English translation rather than some of the more glossy biographies that are now compiled by latter-day scholars who often neglect to consult such increasingly rare eyewitnesses, former neighbors and day-to-day associates of their more gifted or more fortunate colleagues. But Chapiro's *La Ruche*, even in French, will have some English and American readers, whereas another such account, written in Portuguese by the sculptor Diogo de Macedo, who was Modigliani's neighbor and bosom-friend in the artists' colony at 14 Cité Falguière, threatens to pass completely unnoticed, even in Portugal and Brazil. But it is a moving little book, vividly informative too, casting new light on some aspects of Modigliani's puzzling character, among others on his attitudes toward Judaism and his own Jewishness, and especially on his devotion to Italy and the Italian artistic tradition and on his own ideas about sculpture. As a talented sculptor's eyewitness account of the life and working habits of a great sculptor, Macedo's book is of rare and primary importance.

Born in Dunabourg, in Latvia, in 1897, Jacques Chapiro studied art in Kiev, Kharkov, Moscow and Leningrad before settling in Paris as late as 1925. In his earliest work, like Chagall, he was influenced by the Russian-Jewish landscape-painter Isaac Levitan, whose success and prestige, in an era when Russian Jews were struggling for their political and cultural emancipation, influenced many younger men to adopt, for a while, his somewhat outmoded Impressionist style. But Chapiro, like Chagall, soon found other masters and sources of inspiration. In 1918, he was thus a pupil of David Burluk, who had been, before 1914, an associate of Klee and Kandinsky in the Munich Blue Rider group and has now been living in America for the past thirty or more years. Chapiro had also associated, in Moscow, with the "Stable of Pegasus" group of Russian writers that included the great poets Maiakovsky, Esenin and Khlebnikov. In Leningrad, he knew Alexander Blok and the poetess Anna Akhmatova and was a friend of Karné Tchoukovsky, the humorist who founded and edited for many years the now world-famous *Krokodil*.

Chapiro was indeed an active and promising younger member of the Russian literary and artistic avant-garde. He designed sets and costumes for Stanislavski and Meyerhold at the Moscow Arts Theater and for Wachtangov, an Armenian genius who often grasped the hidden meanings of Yiddish literature better than most Russian Jews, at the Moscow Jewish Theater. When the pressures of conformist Socialist Realism became increasingly intolerable for all artists who refused, in

their work, to follow purely political directives, Chapiro managed to emigrate to Paris. All this is of importance because Chapiro came to Paris from the same Eastern European Jewish Bohemia as most of the other Paris artists with whom he later associated.

In Paris, Chapiro soon rented a studio in the now famous artists' colony La Ruche, on the outskirts of the city, beyond Montparnasse. Krémègne, Chagall, Léger, Zadkine, Modigliani, Kikoine, Pailles, Soutine and many other less-famous painters and sculptors had lived or were still living there in diminutive cell-like studios in the most primitive conditions and often in unbelievable poverty. Originally founded at the turn of the century by Alfred Boucher, an immensely successful, untalented but utterly disinterested and lovable sculptor of war memorials and other profitable official assignments, La Ruche had been built on land once bought for a song, in the dreariest of industrial suburbs, close to the Vaugirard stockyards where decrepit cab-horses were slaughtered to provide meat for Paris slum-dwellers. Boucher had bought this land in a moment of madness, when out on a spree with friends in an outlandish neighborhood where real-estate prices had seemed to him unbelievably low. Later, he transported there some of the temporary edifices of the 1900 Paris World Fair, transforming, among others, the rotunda-shaped Palace of Wine into cheap studios for himself, for friends and for impecunious artists from whom he collected rents, if at all, in a very nonchalant manner. La Ruche soon began to attract, above all, the poorest of Paris artists, mostly foreigners, among whom Polish and Russian Jews predominated.

Chapiro has been able to recapture very convincingly the peculiar quality of abject poverty, childlike innocence and real human kindness that characterized for several decades the life of La Ruche. But modern art was not yet big business, and at least one of the inmates of the colony committed suicide in utter despair, while several others died of privation. Later, under the German occupation of Paris during the Second World War, other talented inmates or former inmates, Eastern European Jewish painters and sculptors like Jacques Epstein and Moyshe Kogan, were deported and died in Nazi concentration camps.

Many a priceless masterpiece that now hangs in a museum was originally painted in one of these rat-infested studios. Soutine, at one time, was so poor that he had no studio of his own but continued to haunt La Ruche and to paint in its immediate vicinity, sleeping at night on the floor of some colleague who was kind enough to tolerate his filth and stench, setting his easel up by day in the open, in a quiet corner where the children might not find him and throw stones at him. Chapiro also records how Soutine constantly argued and quarreled with Krémègne, who actually taught him how to paint and disapproved of his pupil's slovenly technique and way of life. Now the central rotunda of La Ruche is so dilapidated that one wonders how it can still stand. But the basic structure is of iron, solid enough to allow the whole edifice to be restored without too much expense. Chapiro has launched a movement to have the whole colony declared a historical monument by the French State and restored and maintained at public expense or by private donations.

Such a sanctuary might provide a salutary lesson about the humble origins of much modern art, now that relatively young painters are living in luxury and financial security that were once far beyond the wildest dreams of those who were their masters or have inspired them. Brancusi's former studio in the Impasse Ronsin, another jerry-built artists' colony in the wasteland beyond Montparnasse, is to be reconstructed as a permanent exhibit, with all its furnishings, in the Paris Museum of Modern Art. In Montmartre,



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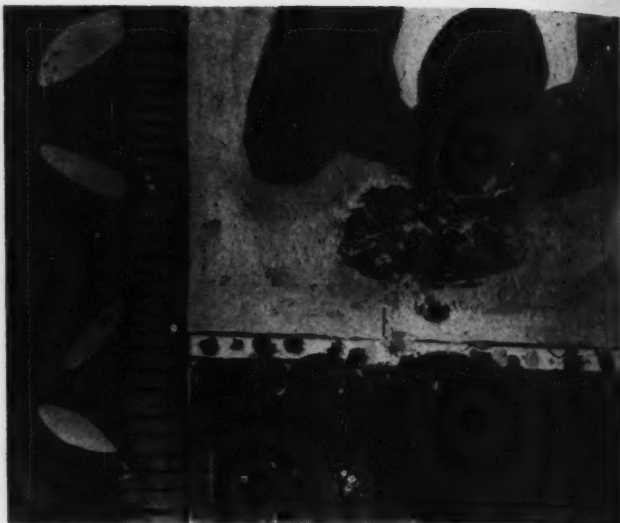
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ART:

BOOKS

most of the sites where Lautrec and his friends once worked have vanished or can scarcely be recognized under later and generally infelicitous additions or improvements. The legendary Bateau Lavoir where Picasso and the first Cubists lived or congregated still stands, though in an increasingly precarious condition. Utrillo's former studio in the Rue Cortot is preserved now as the Musée du Vieux Montmartre. Many documents describing the life of these colonies in their heyday remain unpublished or scattered in all sorts of periodicals: Otto Freundlich's account, for instance, of how he moved into the Bateau Lavoir in 1908 and first met his neighbor Picasso.

André Ostier, the Paris photographer, has been trying to complete his collection of documentary records of such historic sites, but the Cité Falguière, where Modigliani lived after moving from La Ruche, scarcely lends itself to effective photography. One must actually visit these places, see them with one's own eyes, to begin to grasp the peculiar quality of despair or of other-worldliness that inspired much of the best painting and sculpture once produced in such surroundings. The artists' colonies of Paris were in this respect still in the great romantic-anarchist tradition, and a Modigliani nude or a Soutine still life thus communicates to us much the same kind of metropolitan spleen as a Baudelaire poem. A voluntary outcast, almost a bum, many a pioneer of the modern movement, according to our standards of today, may seem to have been a self-destructive psychopath. The life and surroundings of Modigliani, Soutine, Pascin and others may well have been a mess. But their art, if only as a therapy, was often as effective as psychoanalysis is today in Greenwich Village and Chelsea, and certainly, because a public rather than a private utterance, more significant and eloquent. In the memoirs of Chapiro and of Diogo de Macedo, we can recapture some of the heroic quality of a Bohemianism that was truly radical—which explains why so much of the work produced under such materially unfavorable circumstances can move a later generation of guilt-ridden and prosperous conformists so deeply.

Edouard Roditi

JACQUES LIPCHITZ by A. M. Hammacher.
Harry N. Abrams, Inc. \$15.00.

THIS is an exemplary book. It presents a happy balance between biography and aesthetic evaluation, between text and illustrative material, and the writing is always sober without being dull. Mr. Hammacher, the director of Holland's Kröller-Müller Museum, correctly presents Lipchitz as the Mannerist he has been throughout his long career, even though, for a few years, he was associated with the Cubist movement, and even though Lipchitz himself maintains he has remained a Cubist to this very day. Cubism, of course, as Hammacher emphasizes, was not really a rigid system or fixed discipline, and there was room within it even for a master for whom curved lines, undulating forms, have a far greater appeal than angularity. Hammacher believes that the El Grecos the young Lipchitz encountered in Spain had an enormous influence on his development, and this is probably true in the sense that the Spaniard's unquiet, subjective style helped the sculptor find his own proper expression in the gestulating, twisted figures that he produced after his middle years. "An El Greco-like light flashes like lightning over the shapes," the author writes about the more recent swollen and writhing pieces, but he notices a rebellion against Cubist severity as early as 1916, when the twenty-five-year-old artist bored a round opening into the

very middle of the slender, vertical *Man with a Guitar*: "Lipchitz still recalls the emotion that thrilled him physically through and through when he bored through the sculpture, so opening up what had been enclosed."

Significantly, Hammacher adds: "Here was the beginning of transparent sculpture." The writer is quite successful in linking one "period" with another, to show that each "style" of Lipchitz grew logically out of the earlier one, and also makes us understand the succeeding work. As Picasso is always Picasso, so Lipchitz is always Lipchitz: "If we cannot understand his later work as having grown organically out of his previous work and as connected with it, we miss the struggle and its meaning. The connectedness of his work indicates the presence of active laws behind his creative life."

However strongly, and honestly, the artist may protest (as he does in a brief preface to the volume) that his work is an unpredictable, fabulous series of "encounters" between himself and things outside him, or features of himself that were hitherto unknown to him, there is—as the 140 chronologically arranged reproductions tell more convincingly than could even the most persuasive text—a fascinating unity within the puzzling variety. The S line which characterizes an early, pre-Cubist work like *Woman with Serpent* (1913) turns up again and again, as, for instance, in the recent *Souvenir de Loie Fuller*. Even the subject matter has, more or less, remained the same within half a century of endeavor—topics based on strong primitive urges such as hunger and thirst, fear of death and yearning for life, themes that are erotic or musical, mythological or Biblical.

Hammacher is almost reverent in his approach to this artist, who is so human and so possessed by the shape of the human body, while endowed with an almost superhuman energy and creativity. Yet he refrains from superlatives just as he refrains from the minute critical evaluation of the inevitable aesthetic ups and downs in Lipchitz' work—detailed examination of the *oeuvre* belongs in an art-history treatment rather than in a volume meant to introduce Lipchitz to Americans (for, although the artist has been living here for twenty years, this is the first substantial survey in the English language, apart from the very serious but rather brief earlier monographs by Henry R. Hope and Robert Goldwater). Among the illustrations of documentary interest is a postcard, dated 1921, addressed to Giovanni Scheiwiller, compiler of *Omaggio a Modigliani*, in which the sculptor talks about his recently deceased friend. There are also three portrait drawings of Lipchitz by Modigliani, less widely known than the oil portrait of the sculptor and his first wife, a painting now in Chicago's Art Institute.

Readers will also appreciate the sections entitled "Lipchitz' reflections on art" (including an interesting note on Rodin) and "Excerpts from reactions to Lipchitz' work between 1917 and 1958." While Hammacher has a perfect right to be always positive in his own evaluations of Lipchitz, this last section would, however, have gained in substance had negative reactions been included along with the favorable ones. There is a helpful bibliography, and finally a list of exhibitions, 1911 to 1959.

While the author's treatment of Lipchitz' Jewish background and inspiration is devoid of racial or religious exaggerations, Hammacher's emphasis on the "Jewish conception of the duality of light and darkness, of good and evil, of harmonized but uncanceled opposing forces," as an aid to the understanding of Lipchitz' work is rather difficult to sustain, as dualism, the chief characteristic of the religion of Zoroaster, the Manichaeans and the Christian Gnostics, is not a Jewish trait and has often been rejected by Jewish philosophers.

Alfred Werner

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THE CLASSICS

Art history and its diffusion—through
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THE reason for this column is to take note of events in the world of art history, and these events chiefly happen in books. Yet the serious book reviews are so long delayed after publication, and are so incomplete in their coverage in the best journals, that the spread of information is hampered. As for the nonserious reviews, they can hardly be more helpful to the public than to the specialist, considering their looseness; for instance, the report on Tolnay's Michelangelo by Katharine Kuh in the *Saturday Review* simply shows us that, as a weigher of its merits, she is a very fine activator of interest in modern art.

In this column I want to call attention rapidly to some brand-new books of great interest which probably won't get noticed for a while, and some a year or so back that have been missed. The brand-newest of all, which I have not finished reading yet, is nevertheless clearly a necessary reference book for every library. This is Rodolfo Pallucchini's massive and complete work on Venetian eighteenth-century painting, *La Pittura Veneziana del Settecento* (Rome, Lire 20,000). It consists of over seven hundred black-and-white reproductions, a good supply of color plates of very superior quality (the thin, luminous palette of these artists makes color plates easier than usual), a three-hundred-page text with many subdivisions, and a rich bibliography where I have unfortunately found mistakes in dates. The description will suggest to many, and I think correctly, that this is like the long-desired continuation of Adolfo Venturi's great history of Italian art into a later age: a book thick enough and detailed enough so that one can look up almost anything reasonable and find it covered. The tone of the book is of course not like Venturi; it is less personal and assumes a different audience. Pallucchini knows he is writing a reference book for researchers after information, and so he includes all the underpinnings about discussion on dates and attribution that a finished package excludes or puts in footnotes. The book does admirably its job of making readily available a mass of very new work that has until now been found in periodicals of small circulation. It is a fine foil to Michael Levey's recent British book on the same subject, a short and lively synthesizing essay that can happily be assigned to students.

Eve Borsook's *The Mural Painters of Tuscany* (London and New York, Phaidon, \$15.00) is just getting to be reviewed, and probably will not be a neglected book though its reception is slow. It is delightful and can be thoroughly recommended for charm, for good sense and for significance. Its theme is an answer to a constant question that everybody has skipped answering, and it is incidentally a wonderful answer to the dull people who say everything has been done long ago in studying the artists of the Trecento and Quattrocento. It deals with the way in which frescoes are related to the rooms they are in, as part of their aesthetic effect, and the author is only too right in saying we usually see them reproduced like separate easel paintings. Along the way there is a very thorough discussion of the technique of fresco preparation through full-scale drawings on the wall, incision, small drawings, pin-prick transfer and other methods. Illuminating cases of buildings planned and not planned for murals are shown, with different kinds of paintings result-

ing. All of us who think we know these works thoroughly will learn something here, and the first-time reader will also be much helped by the far too short text. I would like to make my one criticism an example of how people flounder when they get off their subject a little. It is misleading to say that in Florence Gozzoli's rich decoration was more popular than Piero's intellectual approach, if one wants to prove it by saying that Piero "was compelled to leave Florence to look for commissions elsewhere." After all, Gozzoli was similarly compelled, and the fact is more striking in his case since he was a local native, while Piero may well never have planned to stay.

David Coffin's *The Villa d'Este at Tivoli* (Princeton University Press, \$17.50) is a terribly disappointing book; it is what people have in mind when they complain of scholarly pedantry. The only reason for a book is the strangeness and brilliance of the gardens there, and it is their qualities which the author does not analyze. Instead, he trades on our initial interest to describe with extreme fullness the frescoes inside the villa, which of themselves would never have seemed worth a book to anyone. More space, one of the longer chapters of the book, goes to the later history of the villa. All this sidestepping reaches its symbolic peak in the documentary section, and nearly all of this relates to the same later period since the documents of the original work have been printed before. The book is not free from mistakes in translation (on page 4, "promote their interests" should be "increase their income"), and it seems sad that those who hold tightest to the lighthouse of scholarship do not justify its value very much. The closest approach to the point of such a book, to an idea, and to originality, is the twenty pages on the symbolism of the villa, and some of the rest may claim to support its findings like overgrown footnotes; the whole is an overgrown article. The award to this book of the annual prize of the Society of Architectural Historians indicates either that its committee had little to choose from or that it shares a faith in the recording of trivia with lavish detail.

The opposite extreme is illustrated by Eugenio Battisti's *Rinascimento e Barocco* (Turin, Lire 4,000). Battisti, who is the consulting editor of the huge international encyclopedia of art that is appearing (handled in America by McGraw-Hill), is known in this country unfortunately for a commissioned book not appropriate to him, the *Skira Giotto*. His new book represents his real interests in the history of aesthetics and ideas, and is also interesting as being a series of essays, a rather rare form in art history especially for a quite young scholar. Along with some detailed studies on special points, he is interested in defining historical ages and connecting their art with outward conditions and inward thoughts. It is a brave book and stimulating where one disagrees, and so worth reading and annotating. It is made more worth while because the author has called attention to a very large number of little-known and some manuscript contemporary comments on art, some of them magnificent. A typical essay is that on the Baroque, where he is rather refreshing by calling attention to its conformist, reactionary deficiencies, reminding us of Pallucchini's remark that if we work too close to details we tend to assume unwarranted quality. Yet Battisti, being honest and intelligent, has to make constant exceptions—"except Poussin," "except Bernini." Could we not condemn almost any group of artists sharing a taste and social views, if we eliminated the most talented ones? Perhaps the richest section in the book is the one on the concept of imitation in the Italian High Renaissance, a rich compendium of complexities, while among the detailed studies the one on the Ferrara mythologies by Titian and others is of great interest even though not fully proved.

Two books carry to an extreme the necessary development of books that survey other books on

a subject. Berne Joffroy's *Le Dossier Caravage* (Paris, Editions de Minuit; distributed by George Wittenborn, New York, \$13.50) would have to be translated as "File on Caravaggio," and its overdesigned pages carry further the motif of suggesting that the book differs from all others by being scientific, a suggestion that has qualities of yellow journalism. The content is really much milder, being a history of how Caravaggio has been rediscovered by twentieth-century critics, and is delightful to read to one who has followed these writings. I would think it would also be so to one who has not. The job is not very hard, since this criticism has been very conscious of its own developing history. What the reader must be warned against is that the book is by no means balanced, and tips the scales silently in a particular direction, to Longhi's approach to Caravaggio. If I give two examples, I hope they do not seem overdetailed.

Longhi pointed out very rightly that Caravaggio admired an older group of artists; he also said that they formed a distinct "Lombard school." Nonmembers of it did not influence Caravaggio, because both they and he were realists. A nonmember, though resident in Lombardy, was Romanino, who Longhi rightly said painted like a Venetian. This has two difficulties. The painting that Longhi analyzed in detail to show that Romanino was not a member of the group turned out not to be by him, but by one of them. No one would blame Longhi for a false attribution, but this error makes it difficult to accept Longhi's distinct, pre-Caravaggesque Lombard school. The true position seems to be simply that Caravaggio admired a variety of older artists. I think it is typical of Longhi's whole work that he makes beautiful visual observations and wrong general deductions. The other error is that Caravaggio's great realist St. Matthew was unquestionably stimulated by Romanino's. Yet Joffroy makes Longhi's "Lombard school" a "revolutionary discovery in the history of art," helping the deification of him that is rather widespread in Italy.

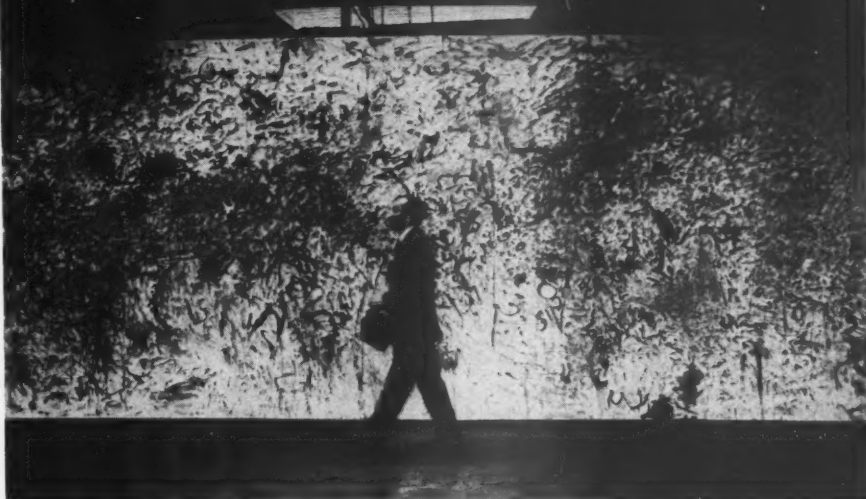
Joffroy gives short shrift to Friedlaender's book on Caravaggio, discussing only two details in it. He rejects one attribution, and one hypothesis. Friedlaender's hypothesis has been confirmed by later writers with new evidence that Joffroy dismisses rather lamely. He praises Longhi for intuitive additions to knowledge later confirmed by documents, but evidently this is a high-sounding phrase for saying that he likes Longhi—for he doesn't care for Friedlaender's confirmed intuition, but still praises Longhi when his largest claim, that Caravaggio's first great works were painted at eighteen, has been surrendered. There are several troubles here that the uninitiated reader of Joffroy's "file" might not realize. One is the worship of Longhi, an awkward civil war in Italy; another is that Joffroy thinks art history means attribution and form analysis only—which is suitable enough in Pallucchini's chapter on Tiepolo but not here—so that he ignores Friedlaender's major concern with Caravaggio's religious ideology; another is our easy tendency as in the "Lombard" matter to take one excellent observation and be persuaded that a writer's other related observations are correct even when they do not logically follow. Battisti is among those who have attacked the idolatry of Longhi with spirit, and yet the painting on his dust jacket, a beautiful Dosso he found in the London store rooms, confirms one of Longhi's brilliant visual hypotheses about that artist's missing early work and gives it its first documentary base.

My favorite of these books is Paul Frankl's *The Gothic* (Princeton University Press, \$17.50). In eight hundred leisurely pages, humorous, casual, and even sloppy, it gives us all possible and impossible notions on this subject, which has meant to many people the greatest human approach to God, to others its greatest technology. People are think-

continued on page 67

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NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

LOS ANGELES: AMERICAN, GERMAN MASTERS

THE Santa Barbara Museum of Art is celebrating its twentieth anniversary with an outstanding exhibition of American art from its permanent collection. Especially featured are the recent acquisitions hanging in the newly completed Preston Morton Wing. These forty-five-odd works provide a concise survey of painting in America from Rococo to Rattner.

One may view six generations of American portraiture in a distinguished group of works by Copley, West, James Peale, Sully, Healy, Hunt, Eakins and Chase. Prefaced by Thomas Cole's heroic *Departure of the Greeks from Troy*, representative examples of mid-nineteenth-century landscape painting, by Kensett, Whittredge, Inness and others, evoke the sense of reverent communion with hills, trees, clouds and river reflections that was cultivated with patient skill by the American "luminists," to use the apt expression of E. P. Richardson. The characteristic flavor of older-generation modern American landscape painting is encountered in pictures by Hartley, Marin, Burchfield and Hopper. The selection of still life includes early Dutch-style fruit pieces by Peale and Roesin, a pair of beguiling *trompe-l'oeil* arrangements by Harnett and Peto and typical abstract compositions by Maurer and Karl Knaths.

There is a Barbizon-like tableau of children at play by Eastman Johnson, a bland view of fashionable Fifth Avenue by Hassam, even a melodramatic sketch by Benjamin West for *The Black Prince Crossing the Somme*. A quartet of spirited street and river scenes by Shinn, Bellows, Glackens and Sloan places the New York realists of the turn of the century in an especially conspicuous and favorable light. And also appearing to very good advantage is John Singer Sargent, whose

striking *Statue of Perseus in Florence* is one of the aristocrats of this handsome collection of quality paintings.

The recent exhibition, at the UCLA Art Galleries, of the modern German paintings that constitute the bulk of the Morton May Collection provided an opportunity to see one of the largest and best collections of German Expressionism in this country. Some of the canvases in this collection are more significant as social documents than as works of art—the Heckel *Bathers*, for example. But the exhibition as a whole conveyed very movingly the early Expressionist dream of recovering a pristine world of vivid sensation and revitalized spirit. Among the most powerful and affecting of these colorful and vehement paintings are Kandinsky's dreamlike *Winter Landscape*, the haunting *Rising Moon* of Schmidt-Rottluff, Nolde's throbbing *Red Sunset with Clouds* and two extremely fine Kokoschka figure allegories, *The Slave* and *The Painter*.

However, what makes the May Collection most remarkable is the group of superlative Beckmanns, nearly fifty in all. These range from early seascapes in a gruff, naturalistic style, through visionary figure pieces of the inflation period, to the powerful and sensuous late works of the thirties and forties by which the artist is best known. At least a dozen of these late works were painted in this country.

The Felix Landau Gallery recently presented an excellent exhibition of water colors and drawings by Egon Schiele, the important Austrian Expressionist whose work has lately received much attention in America. An original mixture of *Weltschmerz* and calligraphic verve gives a distinctive bittersweet quality to Schiele's art.

Charles S. Kessler



Max Beckmann, *Dream*;
at UCLA Art Galleries.



John Singer Sargent, *The Statue of Perseus in Florence*; at Santa Barbara Museum of Art.

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LONDON

"Construction: England: 1950-60" . . .

Victor Pasmore's exhibition . . . "Young Contemporaries" and "Six American Abstract Painters" . . . "The Mysterious Sign" . . .

THE success of the Drian Gallery's exhibition "Construction: England: 1950-60" makes me wonder whether there isn't something about Constructivism (and I use the word in its most general sense) that particularly suits the English temperament. Of course one can overdo this business of national characteristics, but it is a fact that Expressionism—which I take to be the opposite tendency to Constructivism in the development of modern art—is comparatively unusual in English art (our best Expressionist painters usually turn out to be Celts). The Anglo-Saxons seem inclined to search for an art that is more reticent and impersonal, and for many Constructivism has been the answer.

As the art critic of the London *Times* wrote of Constructivism in his review of the Drian Gallery exhibition, "it preserves all the least avant-garde marks of quality in art—intellectual discipline, severe refinement of taste, an aristocratic attitude toward fine materials and craftsmanship, and not least, a certain sense of communal purpose which it derives from its affiliations with architecture." He went on to speak of the "serious, purposeful air [of English Constructivism], its lack of fuss, . . . its purist tendencies, . . . and its simple, un-fanciful conception of beauty. They are all qualities which put English work of this sort today

very high in its own field."

So wrote the *Times*, in its characteristic tone of magisterial anonymous authority, but I was delighted because there is a lot of truth in what it says. I don't think another European country could put together such an impressive show—and it was impressive, even though somewhat diluted with student work and a few people who should never have been allowed in. I don't know about America, but I have the impression that your Constructivists are backwoodsmen or isolated individualists, even the great figures like Gabo and Biederman (who has had considerable influence here). In London, on the other hand, the Constructivists are an active group with a history behind them, and a very positive and optimistic attitude toward the future.

The history goes back to Gabo's arrival in England in 1935, and to the appearance of *Circle: International Survey of Constructive Art* two years later. *Circle* was edited by Gabo, Ben Nicholson and J. L. Martin (now professor in charge of the architecture school at the University of Cambridge); its importance has probably never been fully recognized because of its unpropitious appearance at a moment when Europe was plainly drifting into war. In these circumstances the optimistic message of Constructivism made less appeal in England than it would have ten years later. Gabo remained in England during the war years, living at St. Ives in Cornwall, but left less of a mark than might have been expected. His influence can, however, be seen in the work of Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth, Peter Lanyon and even Henry Moore—the use of strings in the *Bird Basket*, for example. Seeds had been sown, just as Mondrian's short stay in London on his way from Paris to New York left behind a buried legacy of Neo-Plasticist ideas.

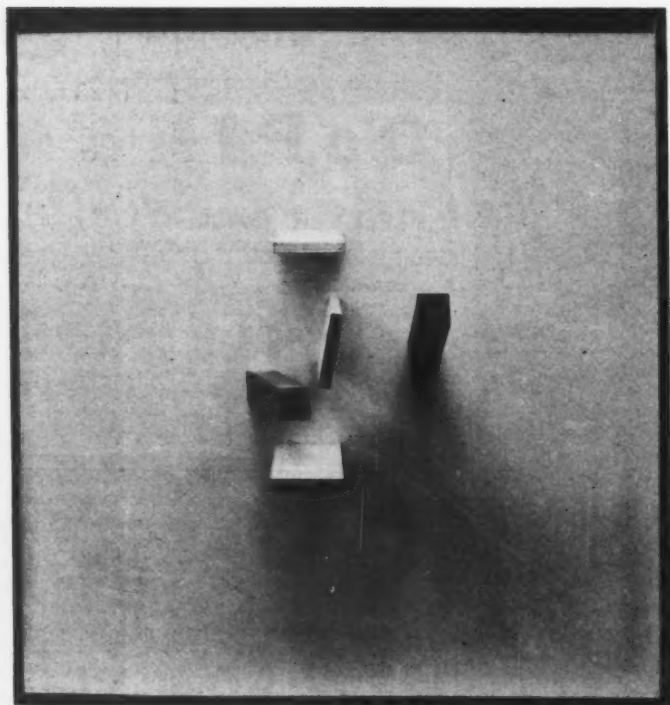
Gabo left England for the States in 1946, and the climate here at that time was distinctly unfavorable to abstract art in any form: the St. Ives group were more or less isolated. The pendulum began to swing back with Victor Pasmore's con-

version to abstract painting in 1948, and though this was a decision reached independently, historically speaking it could be argued that Pasmore was joining the chain begun by Gabo and Nicholson. I have written at length about the development of Pasmore's art elsewhere*; it remains only to stress that he is probably the most influential figure in the story of British painting since the war, because he has the qualities of a *chef d'école* that someone like Nicholson temperamentally lacks. Certainly Pasmore brought with him to Constructivism, or at least to abstract painting, a whole group of artists who had been working in the objective-realist style associated with the Euston Road School at which Pasmore taught immediately before the war.

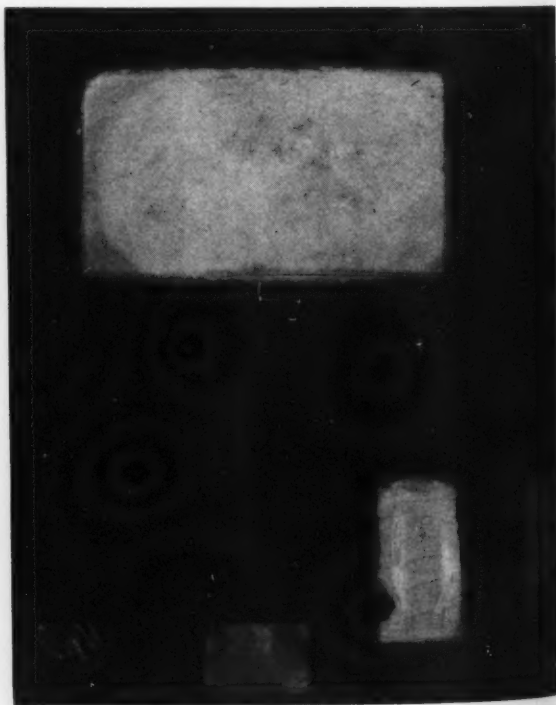
Among these were Kenneth and Mary Martin, who were, with Pasmore himself, the senior exhibitors in "Construction: England." Kenneth Martin is best known for his mobile constructions based on a screw principle, his wife for her very architectural reliefs: their room at the Drian was one of the most successful of the exhibition.

Outstanding too among the twenty exhibitors was the work of Anthony Hill, John Ernest and Stephen Gilbert. The son of one of the pioneers of Art Nouveau decoration and the sculptor of *Eros* in Piccadilly Circus, Gilbert lives in Paris and makes three-dimensional constructions out of aluminum sheets, curving the planes rather in the manner of Pevsner. John Ernest is Philadelphia-born, but has been working and teaching in London for a decade now. His very cool and calculated reliefs are, I suspect, always based on mathematics, which he uses as a source for art just as another artist might turn to nature. In this he is like Hill, who is the purest of the English Constructivists, eschewing even color. Their reliefs are at the same time the most exploratory, the best constructed and perhaps in consequence the least personal.

*"The Paintings and Constructions of Victor Pasmore," *Burlington Magazine*, May, 1960.



Victor Pasmore, *Projecting Relief*; at New London Gallery.



Patrick Heron, *Blues on Black*; at Waddington Galleries.

They seem to have reached the point where the Constructivist has to decide whether he ought to be producing unique art objects (which don't accord well with his principles) or something that in theory at least can, like a lithograph, be reproduced in unlimited numbers without any essential quality being lost. Constructivism is, by intention at least, a popular art. To quote the words of Gabo and Pevsner's 1920 manifesto, "we are placing our work in the squares and in the streets, convinced that art must not remain a sanctuary for the idle, a consolation for the weary, and justification for the lazy." Constructivism was after all born out of the Russian Revolution, and could certainly be labeled a socialistic art form—which may explain its comparative lack of success in the States.

THE great individualist among the British Constructivists, Victor Pasmore, leaves a personal stamp on everything he does—and he is a man of many parts. His work with a small team of architects designing a portion of the new town of Peterlee in County Durham is attracting increasing attention; and he is one of the pioneers of the Basic Course idea (in part Bauhaus-derived) which is revolutionizing English art education. He is also a persuasive publicist for the cause of abstract art (of the anti-Expressionist variety, of course), attracting all the more attention by virtue of his persisting reputation as the outstanding realist painter of his generation, and of the public curiosity that still surrounds his conversion to abstraction. Nothing else would explain why the *Sunday Times* gave him a full page last month to say "What Is Abstract Art"; it was a brave gesture on the paper's part because its predominantly conservative readership can hardly have been pleased with such an onslaught on its prejudices.

Pasmore himself was not well represented at the Drian exhibition, but more than made up for it with a one-man show at the New London Gallery, the interior of which he redesigned for the occasion. Thus were presented, to their best possible advantage, twenty-six recent constructions and paintings—yes, paintings, for Pasmore has continued to work in two dimensions as well as in three.

It was a most exciting exhibition, with, for me at least, that overwhelming quality which comes when one feels that here, brand-new, is some of the great art of one's time. The work has more ease and authority than it possessed a year or two ago—and this is partly the result of the increasing international recognition accorded to Pasmore since his Venice Biennale show last year. Fortunately it sometimes happens that when an artist begins to be treated as an international figure, he becomes one.

Pasmore has never at any time in his career shown any signs of standing still, and he explores as restlessly as ever, now developing the basic forms of abstract art toward greater subtlety and complexity. He moves freely from two into three dimensions, and his paintings and constructions are as full of light as Impressionist painting. His work is seductively tasteful, but somewhere it has that rough edge which prevents any suggestion of perfection or prettification. Many of the constructions now have decidedly asymmetrical elements, and bold, projecting members that increase their architectural qualities. At times the projections even break away from the rectangular, so that if placed on the floor and not on a wall they look like so many leaning towers.

Some of the new paintings are on formica, which provides an immaculate, permanent white surface for Pasmore's lines and his strips of black cellulose paint. A scratched and penciled swinging line traces great shieldlike shapes across the board—shapes that reappear in other paint-

ings as solid areas of color. This increased emphasis on a continuous line reminds one of Ben Nicholson: there is an obvious and close affinity between the two painters in attitude and now in style that is bound to lead to talk of some particularly English quality. And this, I think, brings us back to where we started.

I have written at length about Pasmore and "Construction: England" because the importance of this strain in contemporary English art has not been generally recognized, either at home or abroad. This may be due to a widespread unpopularity of constructions, which I can well understand in view of some of the badly made, gaudily painted things I have seen. But it is an art form that can produce works of great beauty and purity, as we know from what has been shown in London recently.

THERE was a sizable group of constructions in this year's "Young Contemporaries." This is an annual exhibition of work by students in schools all over Britain, selected by a committee of artists of the students' choosing, so that it generally reflects the most avant-garde tendencies. You will not, I'm sure, be surprised to learn that the more adventurous young painters are still to a man orientated toward America; there were few signs of anyone interested in what is going on elsewhere in Europe, the work of Burri and Dubuffet apart. There are new American stars to be followed, however; at present it seems that Rauschenberg, Rivers and Johns are in ascendancy, with older painters like Gottlieb and De Kooning beginning to fade out, so fickle are the enthusiasms of youth. This may be an unfair generalization, made because of the liveliness of a group of Royal College of Art Neo-Dadaists (Phillips, Kitaj, Hockney, etc.) who were, with the sculptors from London's St. Martin's School, the chief reason for this being a well-above-average "Young Contemporaries" exhibition.

One expected to see a great deal of so-called Hard Edge painting at the "Young Contemporaries" but didn't—perhaps because the selection committee rejected it as being too amateurish. As more and more American work of this kind gets through to London, so our critical standards rise, and it was a help in this respect to have had, at Arthur Tooth's gallery, a show of "Six American Abstract Painters." The paintings by Ellsworth Kelly and Ad Reinhardt, neither completely unfamiliar here, seemed to arouse the most interest, and especially Reinhardt's handling of apparently identical color planes. The other contributors were Agnes Martin, Leon Smith, Sydney Wolfson and Alexander Liberman.

Patrick Heron's exhibition at the Waddington Galleries some months ago showed an English painter facing up to the same kind of problems of what happens to colors in space. Heron creates very beautiful and distinctive color harmonies, with a soft, atmospheric quality far removed from Liberman's enamel-like urban surfaces.

Another of my predecessors on this page of ARTS, Robert Melville, provided at the I.C.A. what was certainly the most interesting and intelligent theme exhibition we've seen in London this season. Called "The Mysterious Sign," it sought to show how words and signs have been introduced into twentieth-century art ever since the Cubists painted names on their pictures. The range was remarkable, as you can imagine: for example, the M's in the catalogue were Malevich, Masson, Mathieu, Matta, Michaux, Miró and Motherwell, and nearly every one of the fifty works crowded into the gallery showed a different enrichment of meaning in contemporary art through the use of signs. It is a theme that cries out for a full-scale treatment, and one hopes that Mr. Melville will get the opportunity of elaborating his idea.

Alan Bowness

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Balthus' appointment to the Villa Medici . . . the battles involved . . . a tribute to Hokusai . . . sculpture by Karl Jean Longuet—with Zadkine's and Gargallo's . . .

M. Balthasar Klossowski de Rola's other name—Balthus—is on everyone's tongue and in this morning's paper. M. Malraux's brief struggle with the Institute, the Academy, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, those ancient and interrelated bureaucratic survivals of the monarchy and the first four Republics, has ended in victory. M. Balthus, and not M. Yves Brayer, M. Georges Cheyssial or M. Alfred Giess, will succeed M. Jacques Ibert as director of the French Academy at the Medici Villa in Rome. Messrs. Brayer, Giess and Cheyssial, whose names are unlikely to be more familiar to you than to most Parisians, are members of the Institute, former winners of the Prix de Rome. M. Balthus, whose reputation as a painter in France is by no means as wide as in the States, is neither. This, if you like, was the pretext for the crisis. Presumably, however, the future of the Beaux Arts, its administrative policy and teaching methods has been called into question, and the Minister of Cultural Affairs has been quite open in his intention to proceed to the radical revision for which we have all been waiting. M. Balthus, then, is to be the thin edge of the wedge.

I have already referred, in a previous issue, to the internecine tensions within the Beaux Arts, and most particularly to the crisis in the department of architecture, to the students' strike of two years ago, to the Minister's apparent hesitation, at that particular juncture, in proposing sweeping reforms. Certainly the atelier system now in use is considerably weakened by the preponderant power of the Lemaesquier family, whose relationship to the present prime minister creates a quite delicate situation (Mme. Debré,

before her marriage, was Mlle. Lemaesquier).

The battle over the directorship has been brief, but open and amusing. Who knew what had happened when Mr. Sweeney resigned from the Guggenheim this last summer? One could only formulate hypotheses over this gesture, which seemed, by the way, the most sympathetic one Mr. Sweeney had made for many years. Here, however, these matters are somewhat more public, and they generate a small literature of polemic and folklore. M. Charmet's article in *Arts*, for example supported M. Brayer's candidacy on the grounds that Mme. Brayer's charm and qualities as a hostess were indispensable to the proper administration of the Villa Medici. One's view of this will depend upon whether one considers the Villa as a cultural consulate, a public school in need of a headmaster's wife to dispense tea and sympathy, or as something else. It is neither a consulate nor a school, but what is it, really? No one knows, of course.

The difficulty is that the function of the Villa Medici and the Prix de Rome has shifted over the centuries, ending finally in ambiguity. It meant formerly, as Balthus himself has remarked, the trip to Rome, and indeed, from 1666, the date of the foundation of the institution, until, let us say, the middle years of the last century, the centering of Occidental aesthetic values and the humanist tradition about the period of the Italian Renaissance gave valid support to this conception. Eventually, of course, it became responsible for the sclerosis of the Beaux Arts, the stagnancy of the Villa Medici and the aesthetic devaluation of the Prix de Rome. Corot and Ingres are perhaps the last of the great painters to have profited directly, intensely and radically from the experience of Rome, and when we remember that a Grand Prix is awarded for musical composition as well, we remember too that in Berlioz' day (it is apparent from his journal, strikingly clear in his music) Italy no longer had anything to give the young musician.

What is one to do with the Villa Medici? Perhaps it is ripe for conversion into something approaching that American institution of the residence for artists (unburdened, and in some cases perhaps unfortunately so, by teaching requirements), an Institute for Advanced Studies no longer centered about the Italian experience as such, but simply situated in a sizable city—a city no longer greatly productive, but beautiful,

lively, and the repository, the museum, of our aspirations of the past.

M. Malraux has indicated that he wishes to replace the Roman residenceship by a series of study trips in foreign capitals, thereby making the Villa a kind of base of operations or cultural center. M. Balthus has added, with just the slightest suggestion of despair, that the stay in Rome has to be given *some* meaning. "First of all we must do away with the compartmentalizations created by differences of age and disciplines, increase the possibilities for mutual contact and renewal, not only among the students themselves, but among the students and artists of Italy and her neighboring countries." Finally (and this sort of proposal always and sadly comes last), "it has been suggested that an historian concerned with contemporary art, a critic or aesthete be associated with this renewal of the Villa's activity, so as to introduce the element of a general, synthetic principle into this reorganization of the various aesthetic disciplines." That is the sort of idea that is both exciting and dangerous: at its best it means the Bauhaus, at its worst, the old Villa Medici once again.

You may ask what importance this story has, and why it should be of more than local interest. It constitutes, I think, the best of object lessons—particularly for what is just coming to be known in Paris as *l'affluent society*. Julien Gracq once remarked in a famous essay that a French man of letters could build an entire reputation and career upon having been a *candidate* for one of the official prizes. It is sadly true. In this country, where the existence of state aid and support to the arts is not an issue, except in terms of administrative detail and balance of power, the existence of an artistic bureaucracy and of a civil-service mentality in the arts is not merely a phenomenon *parallel* to that production which interests us; the interrelationships are real and dangerous. Every deflection from this system matters.

M. Malraux's record as Minister of Cultural Affairs is a mixed one, and there are undoubtedly all sorts of things we do not, cannot know—not only the Balzacian complexity of things behind the scenes, but the actual accomplishments. The record is not really drawn up and presented directly to us. M. Malraux has made errors and

**Le Monde*, February 17, 1961.



Karl Jean Longuet, *Sculpture* (1958); at Galerie Simone Heller.



Gargallo, *Harlequin's Head*; at Galerie de Varenne.

some particularly unlikely blunders, statements involving errors of fact, gestures of a tactless and—what is harder to pardon—of a timid nature. It was, after all, with his approval that *Carmen* was expropriated from the Opéra Comique where it belongs and inflated into a wide-screen production, complete with real animals and real gypsies, betrayed in its intentions, violated in its scale (how Nietzsche would have raged to see it!); but he has also seen to it that Barrault has the theater he deserves and the Villa Medicis a new lease on life.

How curiously the Minister's cultural policy resembles De Gaulle's political one! There is the caution, the unwillingness to make the radical, sweeping gesture, the refusal to render account, the imperial style. Last week's move had the apodictic quality of a Gaullist decree. M. Balthus' qualities as a painter were not in question, but his intelligence and culture, his intimate acquaintance with international intellectual circles, his linguistic gifts and certain personal qualities of independence and finesse placed him in a category far beyond that of any of the other, more respectable candidates. For him, M. Malraux braved the *ultras* of the Institute. And of course they capitulated.

So much for the news. The galleries are just beginning to stir from the post-Christmas slumber, and the Guimet Museum (Paris' best collection of Oriental art) is presenting, to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of Hokusai's birth, the *Thirty-six Views of Mount Fuji*, begun in 1823 and finished in 1831. They represent, with the ten views later added by Hokusai upon popular demand, an extraordinary panoply of invention and variation, within a fairly narrow coloristic range. The sacred mountain is seen, in these extremely well-preserved prints of the Sakai collection, from the various provinces of Japan. One gets, however, the feeling of a supreme talent struggling against the limitations of a popular form, confined to the narrow palette of the medium.

The Galerie Jeanne Bucher has been showing, rather inexplicably, a series of gouaches by Pehr. I say "inexplicably," and yet it is not quite so, as they are introduced by a small verbal flourish from the hand of Mark Tobey, who tells us something of his protégé's early life: the emigration from Sweden to the American Northwest, the years of "hard sledding," teaching, and the first paintings made in 1953. "In an age of abstractions, I have always found his work appealing and marveled at his color sense," says Mr. Tobey. The statement says little to me of the painting, more of Mr. Tobey himself, and I am afraid that he and M. Jaeger, the director of the gallery, will have to bear the weight of criticism: the work of Mr. Pehr is too slight and uncertain; it withers under the light of the gallery, it perishes before our glance.

M. Karl Jean Longuet is quite another matter. He is showing, for the first time, a series of sculptures in various media at the Heller gallery. M. Longuet is a very serious sculptor, and Mme. Heller's gallery is a very serious gallery, with that particular odor of earnestness which a predisposition to latter-day Cubism seems to release. M. Longuet is as typical and multiple a representative of Parisian tradition as you could want: the studies at the Arts Décoratifs, the Beaux Arts, followed by a journey to Spain, the influences of Maillol and Despiau, participation in various competitions, salons, the winning of the state commission, the Visit to Brancusi in 1948 (perhaps a bit late in his career, as M. Longuet was born in 1904). And, of course, how is one to resist mentioning that M. Longuet is the great-grandson of Karl Marx, his grandfather, Charles Longuet, having married Marx's eldest daughter, Jenny?

It is all there, too, in his sculpture—all, that is,

except the venerable ancestor. The work is, for the most part, extremely competent, a bit impersonal, multiple in its styles and intentions and, until about 1955, so far as I can tell, not quite his own. M. Longuet, working in stone, seems overawed by the pure weight of the central core of stone—or overattached to his armature when working with other media. One feels the central core not as radiating movement, but inhibiting it. All this, I say, until about 1955, at which point M. Longuet discovers the nature of the medium with which he is then concerned—lead—and is freed by its relative fluidity. We get then, in *Couple* and in *Orphée*, something quite different. *Orphée*, most particularly, relates to an entire tradition of sculpture on that theme, and it is instructive to compare it with Zadkine's and with Gargallo's *David*, which also try to solve the problem of the integration of the two disparate elements of the human body and the musical instrument into the single, expressive sculptural mass. Zadkine's is still fresh in my mind from the retrospective of two years ago at the Maison de la Pensée Française, and Gargallo's has been on view these last few weeks in the Galerie de Varenne. I should say that Gargallo's is the most cautious (David brandishes the instrument) and incoherent, Zadkine's is the most brilliant (the lyre becoming the core of the human body itself) and Longuet's the most beautiful, powerful and valid—the entire sculpture attaining that expressive abstraction which culminates in the rudely treated *visual* rhythms of the instrument.

To return for an instant to the exhibition at the Galerie de Varenne, the pieces were too few, too scattered, to give us anything like a comprehensive notion of Gargallo's contribution to the early development of metal sculpture. (What is needed, perhaps, is a long retrospective exhibition of the medium itself.) Nothing in all this exhibition prepares us for the development of the medium, and most particularly for the greatest work in it, for Gonzalez, for Smith. Implicit in it are rather the second-rate derivatives and the "Arts Déco" style of the twenties at its least interesting. Consider the *Harlequin's Head*. It is without question the very best piece of this show (apart, by the way, from one or two quite remarkable drawings), and possibly because it is the most radically conceived, both in its dissociative and synthetic aspects. Yet it, like the others, contains a curious alternation of dead and live passages, so that a walk about it suggests reality seen through a rail-fence.

I come finally, and only provisionally, to the two main exhibitions of the month. These are unquestionably the selection of water colors by Kandinsky now on view at Martin Flinker's very handsome new gallery and the eighty canvases by Le Douanier Rousseau at Charpentier's. The water colors, reproduced with exceptional care in the volume entitled *Interferences*, published for the occasion, with an introduction by M. Jean Cassou of the Musée de l'Art Moderne, by Robert Delpire, constitute a particularly choice selection. This exhibition has, let us say, the relation to the larger one organized at Maeght's some three years ago, of the Piet Mondrian show at Sidney Janis' in 1949 to the big Museum retrospective. I mean simply that it is particularly well devised to enable us to trace the main lines of Kandinsky's development, and raises with unusual clarity the problems which make Kandinsky a very curious and forbidding artist. These problems seem to me, indeed, so particular and so far-reaching (not only for the history of painting, but for that of European cultural history and the methodology of its analysis) that I prefer to deal with them separately and adequately next month. Then, having waded my way through the milling crowds at Charpentier's, I shall also be able to speak of Le Douanier with the respect and detail he deserves.

Annette Michelson

LEONARD

BASKIN

Through April 15

Drawings

RICHARD

LYTLE

April 18-May 6

Paintings

BORGENICHT GALLERY

1018 Madison (79th)

Closed Mon.

Collector's Gallery

MARIA

MARTORELL

First Show in USA—Oils

April 24 - May 13 49 W. 53

DAVID

April 18-May 6



JACOBS

Sculpture

BARONE

Penthouse:
1018 MADISON

DRAWINGS APRIL 17 - MAY 6

GEORGE O. "POP"

(1868-1933)

HART

ZABRISKIE

36 EAST 61ST STREET

April 10-22

VIGGO HOLM

PAINTINGS

MADSEN

PANORAS • 62 W. 56

LARGE

AND SMALL

April 14-May 6

CASTELLANE GALLERY • 19 E 76

VICTOR RECENT PAINTINGS • THROUGH APR. 8

BRAUNER

IOLAS GALLERY 123 EAST 55

GORELICK

Paintings

Mar. 29-Apr. 15

ANGELESKI GALLERY

1044 Madison (79 St.)



José Clemente Orozco, *Man of Fire*;
detail from cupola, Hospicio Cabañas, Guadalajara, Mexico.



Diego Rivera, (left and right) *The Capitalists*; details from frescoes for Ministry of Public Education, Mexico City.

The Mexican Muralists

The current situation in their work

invites reassessment of a whole period—a challenge only feebly answered in two recent books.

BY GEORGE WOODCOCK

UNTIL the present generation Mexican art was either unknown or unrecognized outside its own country. The artifacts of the great Pre-Columbian cultures still hibernated in the remoter ethnographical galleries of our museums; the works of the colonial period were dismissed as florid and incompetent imitations of Spanish originals; the modernist movement in Mexican painting began to be known in Europe and the United States only about 1930, though the pioneers, like Dr. Atl and Goitia, had already been at work—and even Orozco and Rivera had completed their painting apprenticeships—before the First World War.

Since that time the reassessment of ancient traditions has established the magnitude of Aztec and Mayan, of Zapotecan and Tarascan art; we now recognize in the Churrigueresque of churches and convents in El Bajío an architectural form peculiarly appropriate to the harsh sunlight of the Mexican plateau; and modern Mexican painting in its turn has been brought into almost sensational prominence during the past four decades by its cultivation on a lavish scale and in a heroic manner of that most public and unavoidable of genres, the mural painting.

With the movement that set the painters of Mexico so actively to work on their country's old and new walls the first of the books under review is concerned; it is *The Mexican Muralists*, by Alma R. Reed (Crown Publishers, \$5.95). To the life of one of the most celebrated—and certainly the most flamboyant—of the muralists the second book is devoted; it is *My Art, My Life* (Citadel Press, \$6.00), an autobiography of Diego Rivera, dictated by the painter and dutifully ghosted by an American journalist, Gladys March.

The beginning of the 1960's certainly seems an appropriate time for reassessing the development of the mural in modern Mexico. Two of the men who dominated its epic age, Orozco and Rivera, are already dead; a third, Siqueiros, is now an old man, obsessed with politics, whose best work seems well in the past. New muralists are constantly appearing, just as new walls are constantly being built for them to decorate, but no recent mural by any artist has equaled or even approached Orozco's final masterpieces painted during the late 1940's in the Government Palace at Guadalajara.

Since Orozco's death, a new trend has begun to move, with its leading exponent, Rufino Tamayo, into the center of our view of Mexican painting. Tamayo, significantly, is not one of the great muralists; he has been least successful in this genre, where he deals uneasily with large spaces by magnifying and manipulating forms more appropriate to the easel painting on which his reputation justly rests. His realization of this fact was expressed in a statement he himself made on his recent return to live in Mexico and work there, but not as a muralist. "The easel is a laboratory," he said, "a field of experimentation without limi-

tations, and its limited surface covers all the potentialities for an artist." Tamayo's present prominence in fact coincides with a considerable shift in the general direction of Mexican painting. Not only are the more experimental painters returning to the studio and the easel painting, with its privacy, its autonomy, its subtler problems; they are also becoming liberated from the nationalistic urge to minimize non-Mexican influences represented in Rivera and Siqueiros, and even to a less extent in Orozco. And the example of Tamayo, like that of the Guatemalan Carlos Mérida, has certainly been influential in the present trend toward a style that frankly accepts international influences but tempers them with Mexican experience—in much the same way as Tamayo's own work, for all its affinities with the School of Paris, remains distinctively Mexican in its high-keyed selection of color and in an angularity of outline that echoes the stark shapes of eroded mountains and desert vegetation.

During the 1950's in Mexico, in fact, it was mural painting that began to seem conservative, settling down after its long period of revolutionism into a conventionalism of its own, a style of dully heroic realism dominated by historicist sentiment in the work of men like Cueva del Río and González Camarena or by a kind of synthetic mythologism in the work of Chávez Morado and other painter-sculptors. The Mexican muralist has in fact been affected by the increasing conservatism of the political and social ambience within which, as a public artist, he must work, and so the mural itself is passing into the academy and into fashion. A wall painted by an artist of standing gives tone to an expensive hotel, to a chic apartment block; it sets the pictorial seal on a politician's pretensions. In such circumstances the national myth and the dramatic gesture have alike grown hollow, and the old hope, which so many of the early muralists cherished, of speaking to the people through a public art derived from popular sources, has proved an illusion.

EARLY, at such a point, when an art form is going through a transition that looks very much like a decadence, it is not merely interesting but also timely to consider its history from a critical point of view, to evaluate its past achievements and seek to explain them, to speculate tentatively upon its future. Alma R. Reed, who did so much to introduce modern Mexican art to the North American public during the 1930's, might have done this in *The Mexican Muralists*. She has not done so, and the result of her failure is a book which consistently disappoints one's expectations.

The Mexican Muralists is neither historical nor critical in any satisfying sense. It fails to be historical because of the discontinuity of its form. It is planned as a series of biographical sketches of thirty-odd Mexican muralists, and the way in which

The Mexican Muralists

they are arranged gives the reader no idea of the real evolution of the mural tradition. A charmingly minor artist like Covarrubias, who certainly did not attain whatever prominence he had until the 1930's, is discussed before we reach Siqueiros, already important by 1925. Xavier Guerrero, who provided a vital link between the old craftsmen muralists of house and *pulqueria* painting and the new artist muralists, and whose technical knowledge was indispensable to both Rivera and Roberto Montenegro in their early wall paintings, does not appear until almost halfway through the book.

The apportionment of space is equally inexplicable. A historically important, though perhaps minor figure like Alva de la Canal is given two pages with no reference at all to the fact that he was the first painter to start work on the famous murals of the Preparatorio and may well have been the first to revive in Mexico the ancient technique of fresco. On the other hand, General Ignacio Beteta, a well-known political and military figure but an artistic amateur of no significance whatsoever, is given five pages, more than accorded to either Tamayo or Mérida. Such considerations of space might in themselves be unimportant if one had any means other than the statistical of assessing Miss Reed's view of the relative importance of the painters she discusses. For her book suffers from a general critical softness. All she in fact does is to give us the bare biographical facts about her artists and to describe their work with noncommittal amiability. The following paragraph—all that she has to say of the actual painting of Carlos Orozco Romero—sets the unspecific and shallowly lyrical tone of the whole book: "In numerous canvases and water colors he has portrayed the grandeur of the Mexican scene and a variety of Mexican pueblo types with charm and integrity. As a portraitist, his interpretations are distinguished by sensitive character penetration, lyrical color and decorative line. His entire production is highly expressive of a well-defined personal style and an original vision of his time and place."

Nowhere does Miss Reed make any attempt to separate what is lasting and important in the achievement of the Mexican muralists from what is ephemeral and unsuccessful; nowhere does she attempt either to illuminate critically the virtues or to expose the flaws in the work of individual painters. And so we are left with a book which is exasperating as history because of its scrambled form, useless as a critical study because of its lack of criticism, and even unsatisfactory as what it purports to be—a group of biographies—because all the artists are discussed in the same tone, the bland tone of the obituary that kills once more with kindness. Nor do the illustrations in *The Mexican Muralists* make up for a poor text, as they do in some contemporary art books, for, while the halftone prints are reasonably clear, the color plates are shoddily executed and harsh in tint, so that they give completely false impressions of the paintings they reproduce.

It is disappointing to read such a book when one considers all that might have been discussed in a survey of the Mexican muralists. For here, during the epic period from 1920 to the late 1940's, was a public and didactic art perhaps unique in modern times in achieving a high measure of artistic success. The art of the muralist is always a perilous one, since the heroic manner can easily hollow out into bombast, and the painter is constantly tempted to allow the literary or historical or propagandist implications inevitable in a public work to carry him over into mere didactic spectacle. Siqueiros was not alone in his insistence that theme and subject should always stand before style in the mind of the artist,

yet the work of Siqueiros himself that holds our attention does so because of the brutal and even repellent energy of the style and not because of the subject, which often has little meaning for a non-Mexican.

One need only compare the murals of Mexico with the painting that accompanied other movements of social upheaval in modern times to realize the remarkable nature of its achievement. It was as heroic as the art of German Nazism and Italian Fascism; it was as socially oriented as the art of Russian and Chinese Communism. Yet none of these movements nurtured or could even have endured an Orozco, whose brush strokes, flicking like tiny anguished flames over his great murals, construct vast images that combine the sense of man's heroism with the lasting agony of his living and balance the burning hope of social justice with the charring reality of ever-recurring betrayal.

Two reasons for the uniqueness of the Mexican mural as a public art in the twentieth century spring immediately to mind. The first emerges from the search to reach the people by the use of elements derived from popular art and popular attitudes to life. This was in itself a vain search, for the Mexican muralists never solved the problem of communicating with the Indian and the Mestizo masses of their country. Orozco's work became steadily more esoteric as it grew more mature, and Rivera found his most appreciative public not among the poor of Mexico City, but among American industrialists and the patrons of expensive hotels and night clubs. Even Siqueiros, with his obsessive visions of mechanical power, can have appealed at most to a narrow working-class intelligentsia, already detached from the mass of peasants and manual workers.

It was rather what the muralists took from the Mexican people than what they gave them that became important in their work: the high colors of Mexican folk art and the forms which painters after Best-Maugard adopted and adapted from the Pre-Columbian past, but perhaps most of all the extraordinary preoccupation with death and all its symbols which has haunted the Mexican mind since before the days of the Aztecs, and which still makes Mexico's chief festival the Day of the Dead. Orozco's murals became in the end a great series of dialogues with the death that corrodes and yet gives meaning to their very forms. Rivera's best work swings in the trajectory that takes one from the lyrical life-images of the murals in the Chapel of Chapingo to the macabre humor of *Day of the Dead in the City* and the *Vision of Alameda Central*. And the emblematic figures that express hope for Siqueiros rise with brutal and deadly faces from a welter of murder and agony. In force and in tenderness alike the mystique of death extends from its popular and archaic sources to permeate the tradition of modern Mexican painting as deeply as it did the sculpture of the Aztec world. This orientation toward the idea of death has been both a particularizing and a universalizing influence. It provides the most consistently Mexican element in the work of the great muralists; it also takes them out of the immediate situation of their revolution-torn country into a general concern with the human condition. And the significance of this concern lies not in any philosophic and extra-aesthetic intent it may impart to the works of the muralists, but in the fact that it has helped to keep them free from the narrower bonds of political ideology.

Here is a second reason for the uniqueness of the Mexican mural in the twentieth-century world. It developed parallel with a political-social movement, the Mexican revolution, and the interconnections between the two were close. Most of the painters of the epic generation took some part in the events of the revolution, and all of them strove to celebrate its achievements and its

hopes. Yet, because of the peculiar character of radicalism in Mexico, the muralists never became enslaved by a dominating ideology, as public artists did in Germany and Italy, in Russia and China. There was always a strongly anarchic element in the Mexican revolution, and this appealed to many of the painters, who found a congenial subject, for example, in the peasant leader Emiliano Zapata. Moreover, though a governing party did emerge, it never became a theoretically rigid movement; on the contrary, it grew and survived by the balancing of many trends.

In such a situation the muralists were never subjected to any consistent ideological discipline, and even those who became involved in left-wing politics were rarely orthodox party men. Rivera began as an anarchist, like Dr. Atl, and later showed his partisan indiscipline by wavering for years between the Trotskyites and the Stalinists. Orozco, as far as he was political at all, became a kind of Mexican Orwell of painting, clinging to the traditional revolutionary ideals yet haunted by visions of destruction and agony. Even Siqueiros, though he has followed the Communist party line pretty consistently for a generation, never became in the Russian sense a Social Realist painter. These men could express the social urges of their time in a public manner, and yet remain free as painters to follow their own experiments. Rare in the history of art have been the occasions when painters were so publicly encouraged and left so free.

SUCH aspects of the Mexican muralist tradition have still to be discussed thoroughly. Miss Reed, as I have shown, does not even begin to elucidate them in *The Mexican Muralists*. And in the conversations that went into the making of *My Art, My Life*, Diego Rivera seems to have been much too concerned with being the painter-as-personality to reflect deeply on the general circumstances which combined with his peculiar talents to shape his work. Nor does he give us any of those penetrating insights into the relationship between the painter's mind and his art which we find in the writings or the recorded remarks of many other artists. One searches in vain for the kind of insights that fill the letters of Cézanne and Van Gogh or for such penetrating aphorisms as Picasso has uttered from time to time.

Of course, a dictated autobiography like *My Art, My Life* has obvious limitations. The subject is tempted to show off before his audience. He is not able to reflect at leisure, as he might if he were actually writing. And the personality and interests of the recorder are bound to play their part in limiting the conversations, often to the extent of eliminating whole areas of the subject's life or thought. I suspect that some—or all—of these things happened when Mrs. March, a professional interviewer who, as the blurb tells us, "has written columns and features on kings, movie stars and celebrities from all walks of life," came to add Rivera to her list. Had he been talking to a painter, he might have said a great deal more about the actual processes and problems of his art; had he been talking to a historian, he might have seen his own career more clearly in relation to Mexican art as a whole. But Mrs. March is doubtless to blame for the unsatisfactory aspects of *My Art, My Life* only in so far as the questions an interviewer asks usually determine the answers he gets. She obviously took down whatever Rivera told her, and she showed an admirable conscientiousness in refusing to edit out of the story incidents which clearly seemed to her apocryphal, at least in the form Rivera gave them.

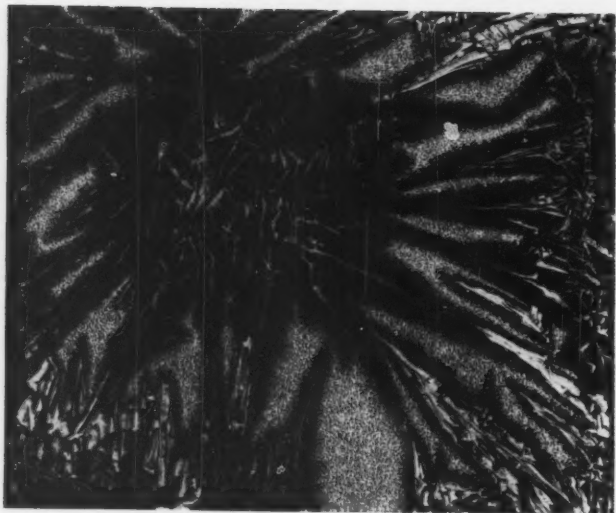
In other words, she allowed Rivera to give himself away as freely as he liked, and the result of such an appreciative audience

is a self-portrait in the manner of Benvenuto Cellini. There are passages of sheer myth which will entertain those who do not stickle immoderately for facts. At the age of six Rivera preaches an anticlerical sermon in a church of Guanajuato, puts the priest to flight by threatening him with an ecclesiastical candlestick, and sends the congregation running into the street under the impression that the devil has come among them. At the age of nine he begins an active sexual career about which he brags with the pride befitting a Mexican who longs to be thought *muy hombre*. At the age of eighteen, studying anatomy at the medical school in Mexico City, he starts on a course of cannibalism with his fellow students, eating the fresh corpses, bought at the city morgue, of people who have died violent deaths. "During the time of our experiment," he remarks judiciously, "I discovered that I liked to eat the legs and breasts of women, for, as in other animals, these parts are delicacies. I also savoured young women's breaded ribs. Best of all, however, I relished women's brains vinaigrette."

The narrative of an artist's life that follows these auspicious beginnings is centered very closely around Rivera himself. Other painters appear, but mostly as passing names; if Rivera appreciated the qualities of his great contemporaries, there is little sign of this in the references he makes to them. His career as he tells it becomes a braggart's tale of conflicts with authorities and enemies, of amours and encounters with eminent personalities, of travels and triumphs. There are occasional brilliant vignettes of memory: an acquaintance met long ago and sharply recollected, an incident described with dramatic urgency. There are also some obviously deliberate omissions, particularly concerning Rivera's involvement with Trotsky. And Rivera seems much more inclined to talk about the circumstances in which his paintings were executed than the actual process of execution, so that the reader who goes to *My Art, My Life* for a horse's-mouth discussion of the art of the muralist will be unsatisfied.

Yet in this book there emerges a personality which does indirectly help us to understand Rivera the artist. The portrait we get is one of mingled naiveté and sophistication: of a Communist who admires Henry Ford, of a freethinker who recounts coincidences with superstitious awe and believes in the magic arts of the native *bruja*, of a painter who combines an almost pedantic passion for documentary detail with a lyrical sense of the mystery of living. The contradictions that appear in these elements of Rivera's life exist also in his paintings. At his best he is a gentle, lyrical, decorative painter, a recorder of myths in an earth-bound, vegetative manner. The fire-and-air dynamism of Orozco is beyond his powers; his most eloquently conceived forms are static or, at most, thickly fluid. In his most ambitious murals, with their massive gathering of detail and their clumsy, obvious composition, the chronicler and the documenter of contemporary life too often submerge the painter.

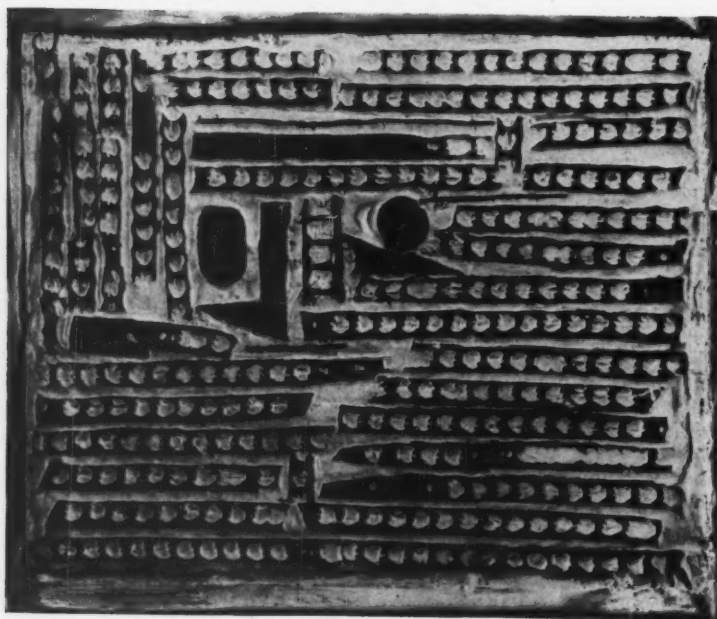
The reassessment of Rivera's achievement that is still going on in Mexico and elsewhere has already led to a just deflation of his past reputation as the greatest of the muralists (though the publishers of *My Art, My Life* still try to perpetuate on their dust jacket the myth that he "was the principal figure in launching the 'Mexican Renaissance'"). Yet it would be unfortunate if this process went too far, for Rivera was an important pioneer among his contemporaries, and a painter of true originality. It was when he sought to attain a grandeur and complexity beyond his reach that he failed. His autobiography provides a fair idea of his real significance. To paraphrase Wilde, the greatest of artists are not the most entertaining of men, and Rivera's autobiography presents him as, above all, entertaining.



Jerzy Tchorzewski, *Painting 60-7* (1960).



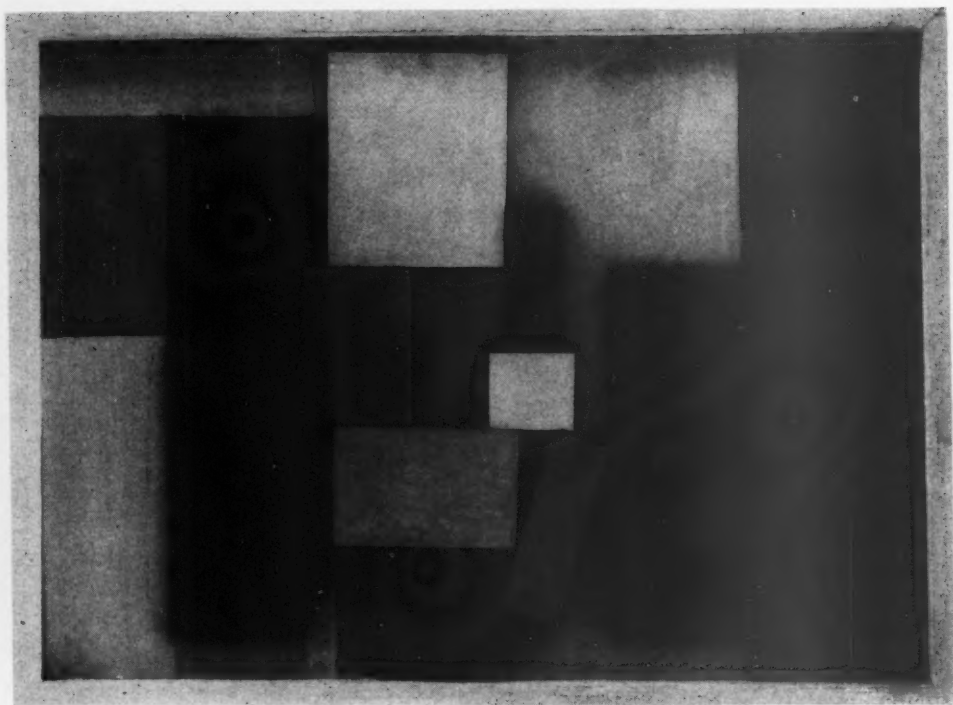
Jonasz Stern, *Composition 54* (1954).



Bronisław Kierkowski, *Composition 15* (1957).

Abstract Art from Poland

The trend toward abstract art in Poland that has been much heralded in the international press as evidence of that country's cultural independence from Soviet Russia receives its first full-scale exhibition in America this month at the Galerie Chalette in New York (April 1-29). Six artists, representing a wide span of the generations, are included.



Henryk Stazewski, *Abstract Composition VII* (1958).



Jan Lebenstein,
Axial Figure No. 38 (1960).



Stephan Gierowski, *Painting LXXXII* (1960).



Rembrandt, *Portrait of a Young Man*;
collection Mrs. Charles Payson.



Courbet, *The Trellis*;
collection the Toledo Art Museum.



Bernardo Daddi, *The Last Judgment*;
collection the New York Historical Society.

Masterworks on Loan at Wildenstein's

Presented as a memorial exhibition for Mrs. Adele Rosenwald Levy, more than fifty paintings and twenty drawings—all treasures of world art—will be on view at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York from April 6 to May 7. The masterworks, which date from the early Renaissance to the present century, are on loan from some twenty-five museums and thirty private collections across the country. Proceeds of the exhibition will go to the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City.



Goya, *General Guye*;
collection Mrs. Marshall Field.



La Petite Baigneuse;
collection the Phillips Gallery, Washington, D.C.

A Second Look at Ingres

At the Rosenberg Gallery,

a benefit show of "Ingres in American Collections" prompts a revaluation of the "Classicist."

BY ALFRED WERNER

THE implacable enemies, Delacroix and Ingres, had to be allotted separate rooms at the Universal Exhibition of 1855 in Paris. It is not recorded whether Ingres ever stole a glance at his adversary's assembled paintings, and it is most likely that he never did (once, observing Delacroix at a distance, he remarked sharply to an attendant, "There is a smell of brimstone"). But Delacroix did walk into the Ingres room. He confided to his journal that everything he had seen there was highly ridiculous, pretentious, unnatural, incomplete. Delacroix was aware, though, that his judgment was rash, and he returned a few weeks later. Considering that he knew his rival's opinion of him—according to which he had sold his soul to the very devil (Rubens) and had become the liquidating butcher, the Robespierre, of traditional art—what the leader of the Romantic movement wrote after his second visit is a substantial homage: "Ingres's section seemed to me much better than the first time I saw it, and I very willingly acknowledge his many fine qualities."

Now the Rosenberg Galleries are giving New Yorkers a chance to do what Delacroix did on his second visit—to look anew at Ingres's drawings and paintings. In New York, there have been only two Ingres shows in many years—one in 1940, at Knoedler's, an exhibition devoted both to him and to his far less gifted teacher, Jacques Louis David, and one in 1952, at the same gallery, comprised of works from the museum in the painter's birthplace, Montauban. The present show (April 7–May 6) contains sixteen paintings and fifty-seven drawings, including many works from American private collections that have never been shown before.* A second look, in our spontaneity-adoring, color-obsessed 1960's, should be very instructive, since much can be learned from this artist's ability to reconcile instinct and reason, to be "hot" and "cold" at the same time. But first we must accommodate our eyes to the vision of that great "Classicist," and prevent our love for Delacroix from blinding us to the appreciation of his "antipode." For, if millionaire collectors of Henry Clay Frick's generation preferred Ingres (for his fine bourgeois qualities), from the forties onward *Ingristes* have become rather rare here among people thrilled by Delacroix's thick, richly loaded brush and influenced by the lucid and witty prose of his *Journals*.

Assuredly, those who omit Ingres from compilations like *Fifty Great Artists or Great Paintings by Old Masters in America*, or museum-goers who pass up Ingres's "static" odalisques and portraits for Delacroix's "dynamic" lion hunts, are unjust to a first-rate master. If a man's importance is gauged by the influence he has had on later artists, Ingres certainly must be a giant. Degas never forgot the advice he received as a student from the celebrated old man, "Draw lines and still more lines, both from life and memory," and remained an *Ingriste* to the end of his days. Though Matisse—born two years after Ingres's death—resented in his youth the Beaux Arts order to copy nature

without thinking (*bêtement*), a requirement seemingly inherited from the erstwhile Beaux Arts dictator Ingres, much of Ingres's sinuous sensuality is in *Joy of Life* as well as in Matisse's subsequent paintings of the female nude. Ingres is behind the elegant Neo-Classical drawings Picasso made around 1920, and the flowing contours in his *Nude on a Black Couch* (1932) can be traced to Ingres's *Turkish Bath*. Much of Ingres's calm passion is echoed in the seductiveness of paintings by Balthus, and America's "Precisionists" are, to an extent, *Ingristes*, whether they know it or not.

INGRES's unpopularity can, in some measure, be explained in terms of biography. Among the celebrated painters of all times, none has ever had so much the air of a fat, smug, narrow-minded bourgeois as Jean Auguste Dominique Ingres (1780-1867). People who met the portly little man from Southern France carried away the image of a provincial notary rather than of an artist. Little need be told about the life of this *petit éléphant bourgeois*, so frequently ridiculed by more revolutionary spirits who resented the way the frock-coated dignitary gave his most punctilious respect to the established order. He studied at the Beaux Arts, received the Prix de Rome and many other prizes, was elected to the Institute and the Legion of Honor, and exhibited regularly at the official Salon. Whatever tales about him have survived shed a rather unflattering light on him. He took pride in his amazing inflexibility and boasted of the infallibility of his taste. Leading his students through the Louvre, he deplored the fact that they had to pass through the Rubens gallery, and urged the young men not to look. To Ingres, it was blasphemy to mention Rembrandt in the same breath with the divine Raphael.

A doctrinaire reactionary? In a sense, yes. But beneath the surface of a pompous ass there was another Ingres as well—the violinist who loved music as much as he loved his own profession; the sensualist who was intrigued by the beauty of women and who, as a seventy-one-year-old widower, dared marry a very much younger lady; and the man who had an eye for the Italian Primitives when everyone else dismissed them as barbaric.

Of course, it ought to be easier today to be fair to both the artist and the man than it was in Paris a hundred and more years ago; the absurd battle between the followers of this "*chef de l'école française et le fidèle dépositaire de ses traditions*" (as his coterie used to dub him) and the friends of the hotspur Delacroix, between line and color, Idealism and Realism, Classicism and Romanticism, has long been relegated to the textbooks. It was, of course, impossible for Delacroix to be objective about an *oeuvre* whose very existence threatened all he stood for. As Meier-Graefe drastically put it: "We can understand the aversion [Ingres] inspired in artists occupied with color. Artists have a right to be idiots; they owe it to themselves, indeed, and Ingres himself was no exception to this rule."

But even so astute and sensitive a critic as Charles Baudelaire,

*The proceeds of the exhibition will be contributed in their entirety to The Lighthouse, New York Association for the Blind.

A Second Look at Ingres

champion of Delacroix, could hardly help being an "idiot" when assessing the art of Ingres. More than forty years younger than this "Classicist," Baudelaire was bound to have different eyes, predilections and—prejudices. Reviewing the Ingres show in 1855, the poet rebuked the septuagenarian for holding "that nature ought to be corrected, improved." He wrote as if there had not been, throughout history, an unceasing alternation between naturalistic and antinaturalistic vision, and as though the same charge could not also be made against Poussin, Raphael or, further back, Piero della Francesca.

LONG after the two rivals and the poet were all dead, the pendulum swung into the "Classical" direction. Cézanne, who dreamt of doing Poussin over entirely from nature, and who admired Ingres (though he could not adopt his plastic solutions), refused to be "only an eye." In 1890 the painter-critic Maurice Denis was to formulate the startling observation that a picture was, above anything else, a plane surface covered with colors assembled in a certain order, and in our century Matisse was to warn a patron that a portrait he had made was a picture, not a woman. It is perhaps amusing that in the heyday of Realism (called Impressionism) critics, eager to save the rapidly waning reputation of Ingres, tried to come to his rescue by maintaining that he, though a Classicist by training, was actually a Realist by instinct.

The truth—at least as we see it now—is that Ingres was not a Realist at all, that he was deliberately "artificial," and that those who disdained him for not providing Monet's play of light and vibrant color had no more right to demand this from Ingres than from an early Quattrocento painting. They were no more capable of understanding Ingres's aim of unity of tone, of permanence of form independent of nature's whim, than they could know what to make of Degas's warning that the air one breathes is not the air in the works of the Old Masters. Logically, it was only years after the climax of Realism that Ingres was again judged adequately (for a couple of decades)—this time by the propagandists of Post-Impressionism, Roger Fry and Clive Bell. Fry took issue with the Delacroix prediction that little of value would remain in Ingres's work: "Delacroix's nephews and grandnephews," Fry asserted, "still turn to Ingres

with a passionate admiration of what he did more supremely than anyone else." His comrade-in-arms, Clive Bell, found in Ingres the same "significant form" that was so admirably evident in the young artists of the twentieth century: "Ingres and Picasso join hands across half a century of Impressionism... It is Ingres that Picasso succeeds in the line of abstract painters."

Bell was justified in many respects in emphasizing the "abstract" tendencies in Ingres's work. Even the pedagogue Ingres, who spent many years teaching, or supervising instructors, in both Paris and Rome, emerges as a man of sharp vision who, though himself politically a conservative opportunist, formulated principles that must have been loathsome to Jacques Louis David and the older set of professors. Since Ingres is still held responsible for much of the meretricious draftsmanship taught to this very day by tottering academicians, it is well to remember that he asked for far more than mere technical proficiency: "To draw does not simply mean to reproduce contours; drawing does not consist merely of lines," he cautioned his students. "Drawing is also expression, the inner form, the plane, modeling." It does not sound like the Ingres we have long given up as a Colonel Blimp of academic teaching. Further, he urged his young men not to be afraid of exaggeration ("What you have to fear is lukewarmness"). A century ago he urged students to accentuate the striking features of a model even, if need be, "to the point of caricature." He did not want to rear copyists ("I want you to take the sap from the plant") or slaves of nature ("Raphael had so completely mastered nature and had his mind so filled with her that instead of being ruled by her, one might say that she obeyed him").

What he preached he put into practice in his own work. But his excellence in his studies of single figures cannot be fathomed at a quick glance (and, alas, the compositional weakness of many of his multi-figured huge historical machines, by the same token, often hides itself remarkably well under layers of virtuosity). In his review of the Salon of 1846, Baudelaire made a wise plea which he himself unfortunately failed to heed: "The works of M. Ingres are the result of an extreme attentiveness, and they demand an equal attentiveness in order to be understood."

Only the careful and patient eye detects, in Ingres's portraits and studies of the nude (and at times even in his story-telling



Oedipus and the Sphinx;
collection the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.



Odalisque and the Slave;
collection the Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.



Raphael and La Fornarina;
collection Mr. Francis Kettaneh.



Seated Nude;
Cone Collection, Baltimore Museum of Art.

big canvases), what his forte really was: arrangement, fascinating in its creation of beauty irrespective of the subject matter. His best works—and some of them can be found in the present exhibition at Rosenberg's—are exciting plastic units in which line, space and mass are perfectly balanced, and color subtly used to reinforce linear effects, to delineate forms. In the nineteenth century he was one of the finest painters of the female nude, looking upon the sitter, as he did, with the uninhibited sexuality of the artist that he was beneath the gold-medalist's impeccable frock-coat. *La Source* is perhaps, next to the *Mona Lisa*, the most frequently reproduced picture we see, and we have avoided looking at, or even thinking of, this nude girl holding a jug of water. Like the *Mona Lisa*, it has elicited a mountain of adulatory prose, such as George Moore's ecstatic claim that even the Greek painter Apelles could not have realized more exquisite simplifications, could not have dreamt into his works a purer soul of beauty, than did Ingres in this painting. But many decades after George Moore a modern writer on aesthetics, Rudolf Arnheim, was dazzled too by what the novelist called "simplifications"; in *Art and Visual Perception* Professor Arnheim has pointed out the formal devices used by the artist: "So masterfully are [the devices] blended into a whole of great over-all simplicity, and so organically is the compositional pattern derived from the subject, that we seem to see simple nature at the same time that we marvel at the depth and richness of the experience it conveys."

A hundred years before Modigliani, Ingres took liberties in the painting of the nude that only a man with his enormous prestige could afford. Even so, critics were shocked when somebody discovered that the *Grande Odalisque* of 1814 (in the Louvre) has two vertebrae too many. In our days, the famous teacher André Lhote once requested a model to assume a pose identical with that of this odalisque, and then proceeded to show his students that in the painting not a single line corresponds to nature. The same bold geometry can be found in other works as well. When one of Ingres's colleagues complained to the master about the excessively long arm of the martyr's mother in *St. Symphorian*, Ingres gravely retorted:

"The arms of a mother, when she is blessing a son who is going to meet his death, are never too long . . ."

Whether he used oil pigments or sharp pencil, Ingres's portraits are neither photographs nor psychological studies. They are all one portrait—or rather self-portrait—the plastic confession of an individualist who lived through the era of the first Napoleon right to the end of the regime of the third, and yet managed to remain uncommitted politically, socially and aesthetically (while always paying lip service to the authorities). These portraits are symbols rather than naturalistic studies, and it is admirable that the artist somehow made his patrons believe he had captured their features with utmost verisimilitude, whereas what he had actually done had been producing "beautiful forms—straight planes with rondures" (his own expression).

We scarcely know the identity of Mme. Jean Pierre Gonin, or Dr. Melier, or any of the scores of people who sat for Ingres (and whom he portrayed with little personal joy, thinking of himself primarily as the author of those enormous historical canvases which we are now less inclined to accept as masterworks than were the contemporaries of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon). But these portraits are not a family album; they are "arrangements" of a musical nature, in which the melody is carried by the placement of a white hand on the back of a chair, by the emphasis on a lady's coiffure, by small interlocking arabesques in a dress, and other vehicles of sensuous emotion. It is a precise art, unsmiling and unbeguiling, but full of the plastic charm of the Cubist configurations of a Picasso, Braque or Gris. It is as near to Mondrian as it is far removed from Soutine (and one recalls Ingres's claim that every subject could be executed with a ruler and a pair of compasses). It goes back to Raphael (and his idols, the ancient Greeks) as Stravinsky goes back to Bach. One cannot as easily fall in love with Ingres as with Renoir. But his "coldness" is the invigorating freshness of a spring morning, when the vision is clear and the sky without a cloud. There is no luxuriant vegetation. Yet on solid ground rises a bare edifice whose architecture is enticing in its firmness, strength and harmony.



Nicolas de Largillière, *Portrait of the Artist*;
collection Musée National, Versailles.

Classical and Semiclassical

At the Metropolitan

(to April 30), a vast show presents the glory, and tedium, that marked "The Splendid Century."

BY JOHN SIMON

THE word for it is *elegance*. What we see before us in the Metropolitan's current exhibition of seventeenth-century French art comes from fifty-six French churches and museums as well as from a few American sources. But wherever they may come from and whatever their orientation, these works are, above all, striving to be elegant. Let us remember the true meaning of that word: it derives not just from *legere*, to choose, but from its intensification, *legare*, and the further heightening, *elegare*, "to choose out." Not dandyism, but intense selectivity; not bedecking and bedizening, but triumphant omission.

That is what the successful works in this show accomplish. But the failures of elegance, the travesties of it, are catastrophic: the bourgeois qua bourgeois cannot possibly make as execrable an ass of himself as the bourgeois who would be *gentilhomme*. The weaver Bottom becomes almost endearing through his ass's head, but the merest ass's ears on King Midas are a monstrosity. I am afraid this show, called "The Splendid Century," has more than its share of catastrophes; still, what is good in it, is splendid, but it is the case of a true artist here, a fine achievement there, rather than of 115 years of unbroken magnificence before which we are asked to bow down. True, a good map must show foothills as well as peaks, but there are sections of this exhibition where a sprinkling of incomparable riches is followed by (to coin a phrase) an *embarras de pauvretés*.

What the exhibition clearly shows is the curve described by French painting in the *grand siècle*: the rise from Mannerism with such crutches as Caravaggio and a few Dutchmen and Flemings whose influence dominates the earlier part of the century (Vouet and his circle), thence to a gradual achievement of originality and mastery in men like the Le Nains, La Tour, Poussin and Claude, and from there to a Baroque art which, in some of the latest works shown here (La Fosse, Coypel), begins to sink into Rococo.

A conspectus of these changes could be gained by following the permutations of any one subject; let me take as example the transformations in the four Dianas and two Venuses of this show. The earliest of these is Toussaint Dubreuil's drawing, *Diana and Her Nymphs*. This predates the "great century" and is essentially ornamental: the ladies are in a charming huddle, their limbs daintily elongated, the folds of their gowns dancing their own round dance around bodies on which they seem scarcely dependent. What there is of trees and greensward is similarly curved and swirling and characterless—all for love of decoration, or the world well lost. Next we come to a *Diana at the Hunt* by an unknown painter. Though placed somewhere between 1640 and 1650, this inferior work is well behind its time, and is painted in the style Vouet and Le Sueur developed two or three decades earlier. It is a large canvas, full of absurdities in the perspective and situation. Still, the effect of Diana and her nymphs is, despite some bared bosom and exposed thigh, unsensual and earnest, and the aim is chiefly, though crudely, the representation of an action. Granted, the love of the decorative persists in, say, the triangle of Diana's bent arm and head framed by the perfect circle of her billowing garment and responded to by another triangle in the arms of

two nymphs extended toward the goddess. Color, too, is used showily: the royal blue of Diana's gown is a little too lush, a little too schematically balanced by the deep greens of the foliage. Yet, however clumsy it all is—as if not just the painter's models, but life itself stood still—the emphasis is on action rather than ornamentation.

Poussin's *The Death of Adonis*, for which the suggested date is 1630, is a different matter altogether. Not a masterpiece exactly, it is yet a piece by a master. The mourning for Adonis is expressed in the prevalence of horizontals in sky and earth echoing the dead youth's prostration (as does the very shape of the canvas), and by the fact that trees that might be vertical are slanting as if bent with grief. Venus herself is bending lovingly over her dead lover, pouring nectar upon him from a nearly horizontal urn. Hers is a guileless, Giorgionesque loveliness, and her nudity is not provocative. Most important here is the exquisite blend of the dramatic and the peaceful, the restraint in the coloring (except, perhaps, for the excessive greenness of the corpse), and the sadness controlled by a faint, gentle hope emanating from the beauty of the naked goddess and the charming cupids trying to revive the dead boy. Though the picture is profoundly gracious, it is not ornamental: decoration has yielded to decorum.

In *Venus at the Forge of Vulcan* by Louis and Mathieu Le Nain (1641), there is, again, a successful blend of thought and painterliness. The bare-breasted Venus, though aware of her sexuality (the left hand plays with her bosom, and the right lifts her gown rather more than needed to keep it off the floor), is still, more than anything else, an innocent spectator in her husband's workshop, the heat of which has, after all, forced the men, too, into partial disrobing. Old Vulcan contemplates his wife's charms with a mixture of longing and resignation, while his assistants, according to man's basic duality, have their eyes either on their work or on the boss's wife. There are ideas here: Vulcan recedes into chiaroscuro, whereas Venus seems to light up from within and only the minimum of shade attaches to her. We are aware of no more than two strongly colored areas: the rutilance of the flame, and the same, but greater, redness of Venus's gown. The workman who stares yearningly at the goddess is seen only as a head emerging between two figures of men absorbed in their labors; this would suggest that desire is only an interlude in man's toil, but then there is, to swing the balance around, Vulcan: *affaissé*, overcome by a glow beyond that of fire. It is genre painting, if you like—the Venus, though lovely, is an earthy, almost peasant, type (what ankles!)—but there is imagination in the picture to give it stature.

A very different affair is the *Diana* of Antoine Coypel, which is definitely *fin-de-grand-siècle*. Here both the pose and expression of Diana are abandoned, if not smug; her attendants are gamboling, bathing, making music, bringing flowers, or just reaching for her as if, women though they be, they were unable to keep their hands off their alluring mistress. If this Diana is a huntress at all, her quarry is surely two-footed. But however erotic the intention, there is still a certain rigorousness in

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Louis and Mathieu Le Nain,
Venus at the Forge of Vulcan;
collection Musée de Rheims.



Nicolas Poussin, *Rebecca and Eliezer*;
collection Musée du Louvre.

the centripetality of the composition, a careful balance of elements in the way, for example, in which the vertical of Diana's left leg is continued by the perpendicularly held lute, or in the correspondence between the little bit of water in the lower right corner and the one small patch of sky in the upper left. By the time we come to the *Diana Resting* of Louis de Boullogne the Younger (1707), we have an uncohesive grouping of figures in a highly conventionalized landscape, and though there is more nudity than in any of the previous pictures, there is not even the deliberate, virile eroticism of Coypel, but a languid, bloodless sensuality that circulates, like a vague ennui, among the several figures. And though the nymph drying her feet was imitated by Watteau, this nymph has none of Watteau's vivacious delicacy. What Roger Fry called "the process of disinfection" is now completed: we have gone from ornamentation through realism to a classical equipoise, then to the exaggeration of a superficial element, and, finally, to a watering down of the very exaggeration.

BUT what, then, are the high points of the exhibition? There are the five Georges de La Tours, to which the Metropolitan has added its own *Fortune Teller*, to show the daylight side of this painter better known for his nocturnal scenes. The earliest of these pictures, *A Woman with a Flea*, is most clearly influenced by the Dutch, and least impressive, although the grim determination of the fingers to kill the flea is nicely mirrored in the empathetically pursed lips. *St. Irene with the Wounded St. Sebastian* is a noble variant on the magnificent Berlin picture, though I must confess that I find myself most interested in the flame of the torch, painted in an unearthly silvery green—as though it were shedding moonlight—and tying itself into a knot at the top, as if to remind the onlookers of a martyrdom they must not forget. In *The Young Jesus and St. Joseph in the*

Carpenter's Shop, La Tour ingeniously makes Joseph's figure swoop around three sides of the rectangular composition, while the boy Jesus gets only one. Yes, but he holds the light, and the translucency achieved in the fingers that shield the candle is about as exciting a moment in the history of painting as I know of. This is a true analogy of the *unio mystica*, the wedding of the flesh with the divine flame. In *St. Joseph and the Angel*, the chiaroscuro of the angel is rather melodramatic, but here, as in *La Tour*, the combination of daintiness of contour with sculptured solidity of bodies produces remarkable effects. And how nicely graduated are the flesh tones of Joseph's face as they progressively emerge from the darkness, like some humble kind of fruit ripening in mere candlelight. More affecting yet is *The Ecstasy of St. Francis*, in which the most striking results are obtained from as simple a device as making the upper half of the saint's body diagonal in a generally vertical context, and from taking liberties with the logic of light and shadow. Here the economy of the classical painter is most in evidence: nothing is present that is not absolutely essential.

What is the secret of this great artist? It is a sculptural quality, but achieved how differently from, say, Mantegna. La Tour reminds us, first of all, not of sculpture in marble or bronze, but in wax or polychromed wood. It is as if a Riemen-schneider figure had come to life in a brilliant color photograph: the lines are clearly defined, the brushwork is nowhere in evidence, there are no details, it would seem, only large, sleek color surfaces seamlessly woven together. One has to think of all kinds of modern artists—Chirico, Balthus, Dali, Barlach, Gerhard Marcks—to define in contemporary terms the polish and glossiness, the convexity and geometrical boldness of these figures. And almost always there is the intense chiaroscuro to make the three-dimensionality even more obsessive. La Tour's people and things emerge a little thingier, a little more palpable, a little simpler than life. His are perhaps the only paintings



Georges de la Tour, *The Ecstasy of St. Francis*;
collection Musée du Mans.



Georges de la Tour, *The Young Jesus and St. Joseph in the Carpenter's Shop*;
collection Musée de Besançon.

around which the eye can take a walk, as our bodies can around a statue, and see the subject from all sides at once.

I doubt that we see Poussin to his best advantage in this show, but there are at least one or two examples of his purest style. The *Landscape with Diogenes*, for instance, demonstrates his uncanny ability to get us into a picture. The walk begins at a fallen tree in the left foreground (*memento mori*), then proceeds to the right along the flowing river (*panta rhei*) and reveals Diogenes discarding his cup in order to drink, like the natural man beside him, from his hands; then we meander along a path deeper into the picture, and encounter at each turning a new group of people engaged in a different pursuit. Farther back and back the picture stretches, as if successive curtains went up on inner, and innermost, stages. Nothing could better express the smallness of man compared to nature, and even art at its most splendid, in this case the Vatican seen above the river, is only a modest adjunct to the natural beauties. It is of such paintings that Paul Valéry remarked, "Poussin devised noble settings for tragedy." Tragedy, however, is not quite relevant to this world; a stoic endurance rather, neither tragic nor comic, merely patient and dignified.

Happily there are only two Poussins here which are, in the words of Louis MacNeice's sonnet, full of golden tea—"and we dally and dip our spoon in the golden tea." But three lines of the sonnet are applicable to the best of Poussin:

And the motion is still as when one walks and the moon
Walks parallel but relations remain the same.

And thus we never reach the dregs of the cup . . .

This effect of permanence within change is achieved in various ways. So in *Rebecca and Eliezer* it is the stylized, conventionalized faces that create the aura of immutability: the twelve other girls spread across the 77½ inches of the canvas are all minor variants of the central figure of Rebecca. How reassuring that is: *plus ça change* . . . Everything is made from the same

noble mold: mistress and servant, white girl and Moor, this is the country where Platonic ideas walk about and are called people. And how liberally the static faces are compensated for by a glorious symphony of arm and hand movements; in this orchestra, every player is a conductor. Gesticulatory brilliance distinguishes also another, poorer Poussin in the show, *The Entry of Christ into Jerusalem*, a picture I can describe only as a fugue for gestures so intricate as to inspire careful study of the score.

THE exhibition catalogue is lavish in its praise of the latest Poussin shown, *Spring, or The Earthly Paradise*; it waxes similarly enthusiastic about a late Claude Lorrain, *Parnassus*. Now both of these pictures strike me as essentially foolish; but it is also rather a mystery why two such accomplished masters of classical purity and precision should have turned in the end to primitivism: to leaves, animals, people done in the manner of, say, a less genuinely naïve Douanier Rousseau or Camille Bombois. We shall return to this problem later. There certainly are some fine pictures by Claude in the show, with enough orange, canary and lemon-yellow light floating around in their skies to start an Impressionist movement right here and now, had there not been one already. The loveliest of these pictures is *A Seaport*. Ruskin once grudgingly admitted of the man he called "filmy, futile Claude" that "he set the sun in the heaven." Well, in this one, Claude set it in the waters too, for in this extraordinarily lit scene the pale yellow light of an already set sun seems to come as much out of the sea as out of the sky.

And among its many excellent drawings, the exhibition has several stunning ones by Claude, the most notable being *Bare Branches*. I suppose it is idle to say of a chalk-and-wash sketch that may have been a mere study for something bigger and more developed, that it is remarkably modern-looking, but that is

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exactly what one is compelled to say of it, as also of such other masterly rapid sketches as two or three by Poussin, the tantalizingly inscrutable *Landscape* of Jacques Callot, and several others. My own favorite is *A Battle* by Jacques Courtois, done in brown ink and gray wash, where these two plain colors and a minimum of pen strokes combine to render with harrowing accuracy not only the turmoil and horror of battle, but even an eerie, hallucinatory light in the sky which one's psyche fastens on to readily as the archetypal illumination for dying. Of the more finished, meticulous graphics, many of them noteworthy, I particularly admire again a few by Poussin and Claude, as well as Simon Vouet's *Nude Woman with a Lute* which foreshadows Ingres, and the superb *Man and Woman* by Antoine Coypel. Not only are the composition and draftsmanship exquisite, but light is used with such expertise that it suggests a radiant welding together of the embracing bodies.

There are also a few distinguished portraits—Le Brun's of Turenne, for instance, with something like a sunburst on the great man's forehead; a charming self-portrait by Vouet, and a superlative one by Largillière. The execution of the foreshortened left hand in the latter is in itself a triumph. Mignard's *Mlle de Blois*, though rather lushly Baroque, has a wistful charm that will not be gainsaid. In still lifes, too, there are one or two arresting things, but the final, and possibly most valuable, achievement of the show is that it introduces us to the extraordinary talents of Sébastien Bourdon. The portrait by him is no more than solid academic work, but *The Holy Family* (which the catalogue does not reproduce) and the *Landscape* in

oil are revelations. In the former, though some of the figures are indifferently drawn, there are astonishingly daring color harmonies: the sky is a bold latticework of blue and orange, and the figures are draped in cunningly distributed pinks, oranges and reds. And there is an area at the extreme right where walls are reflected in water: this part of the picture is almost all grayish transparencies in rectangular, often superimposed, shapes. The effect is not a little Cubist. Even lovelier is the *Landscape*, surpassing by far those attractive ones by La Hyre and Gaspard Poussin (Dughet) hung close by. In it the colors are strikingly limited and modern: a brownish orange and a slate blue, against which large masses of vegetation assert themselves in greens that are close to black. Nebulous figures and water emerging from almost nowhere animate the scene with a not quite canny life. Another Bourdon landscape, this one a drawing, again shows, besides exceptional stylishness, a unique effect of compacted profusion.

But there is little to praise among the later paintings; indeed, there is a large room in which one can view only two works with pleasure, and another that can boast only one. And we come upon such monstrosities as Philippe de Champaigne's *Flight into Egypt* from the Cathedral of Senlis; aside from everything else, this is painted in the most garish blues, violets and gold ever herded together. If there be any connoisseurship in Senlis, the church there must have a seriously dwindling flock. The sculpture, too, is generally unimpressive, though I daresay it is quite representative, and the tapestries and *objets d'art* leave me cold.



Simon Vouet, *A Nude Woman with a Lute*;
collection Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.



Simon Vouet, *Portrait of the Artist*;
collection Musée Réattu, Arles.



Nicolas Poussin, *The Holy Family*;
collection Musée de Dijon.

THERE is something cold, too, when all is said and done, about this whole splendid century. No doubt, the rise of the *bourgeoisie* and the political and economic supremacy of France contributed much to the flowering of French art in the *grand siècle*. But is an age of central despotism, however enlightened, of intellectual swagger, if not downright intolerance, going to produce a truly first-rate art? There is a regimentation, an academicism, a sycophancy, about much of this work—these Le Sueurs and Le Bruns and La Hyres and Rigauds—that is not consistent with greatness. It is of this age, after all, that Molière's *Alceste* complains (in Richard Wilbur's translation):

This age is vile, and I've made up my mind
To have no further commerce with mankind . . .
My reason bids me go, for my own good.

My tongue won't lie and flatter as it should . . .

Is it not significant that despite the brilliance of the court at Versailles, the wealth of the Parisian *bourgeoisie*, both Poussin and Claude should have exiled themselves to Rome (Poussin's one subsequent venture into Paris for some work ended in a hasty retreat), that La Tour should have preferred to remain, despite his title of "Painter to the King," ensconced in the small Lunéville in Lorraine, and that even the good Courtois should have traipsed off to Italy at the tender age of fifteen, to live his life out in Rome after changing his name to Borgognone—more like the Romans you could not do.

So much for all that splendor. But what about the great

intellectual achievement? In the catalogue to the exhibition, Theodore Rousseau, Jr., says approvingly of these painters. "Their approach was more intellectual than ours." Well, up to a point intellect does no harm to a painter. But I wonder whether Le Brun's heavily Cartesian *Méthode pour Apprendre à Dessiner les Passions* was such a blessing, enshrined as it became by the Procrustean Academy. Or whether Antoine Coyppel's painting became any better because he insisted in his *Discourse to the Royal Academy* that a painter must be thoroughly acquainted with, among other things, rhetoric, versification, history, scripture, mythology, geography, geometry, architecture, physics, psychology and philosophy. (When does he paint?) And I have my doubts even about what it did for Poussin's work—besides, perhaps, worsening it—that he wished painting to model itself upon the ancient Greek musical modes? "Before a year is out," he wrote a friend, "I hope to paint a subject in this Phrygian mode." I wonder indeed whether this kind of intellection is proper to the painter, and whether it is not almost as deleterious as its opposite, total blissful ignorance of everything? Both these modes (neither of them, I think, Phrygian) have their adherents today, with what results this is not the place to assay. Yet it seems conceivable that it is precisely this "diverse knowledge" that drove Poussin and Claude to paint pictures like *The Earthly Paradise* and *Parnassus*—reactions to their own know-how, pitiful pictorial prattle.



Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale;
collection Museum of Modern Art, New York.

The Max Ernst Exhibition

A sweeping retrospective, in New York and later in Chicago, reviews both a personal career and the history of a movement.

BY MARTICA SAWIN

PHILOSOPHER, poet, painter, sculptor, Max Ernst is having his seventieth-birthday celebration at the Museum of Modern Art in the form of a vast retrospective of some 250 examples of his painting, sculpture and collage.* To perambulate the Ernst-land of the third-floor galleries and take in the subterranean overflow in the auditorium gallery is not merely to view a procession of isolated works—it is to perform continuous mental gymnastics in order to keep pace with the artist's nimble and unorthodox mind as he carries on his "colonization of the unconscious," moving from concretized unreality to near automatism in the exploitation of accidental and random effects, from elaborate fantasy to hallucinatory suggestion.

Although the official tribute of such an exhibition may come belatedly in Ernst's career, its arrival on the New York scene comes as a timely reminder that much of the current art production has its origins in the objectives enunciated by the Surrealists in the early 1920's. This holds true not only for the carrying of automatism to its logical conclusion in Action Painting, but for the displacement of the object from its ordinary context and the significant role of materials which have given rise to a whole new genre of object art and sculpture. The presence in New York of a large exhibition devoted to one of the earliest and most articulate visual exponents of Surrealism stimulates reflection on the whole movement and its manifestations in the hands of its originators and of those who inherited and transformed it or grafted it onto other twentieth-century innovations. Although it is possible that Surrealism in its broader interpretation may embrace the preponderance of modern art or, indeed, be identified, as it is by Sir Herbert Read, with the romantic principle in all art, for the present purposes it will be considered in its stricter sense, as formulated forty years ago by a group of artists and poets and codified in Breton's *Surrealist Manifesto* in 1924.

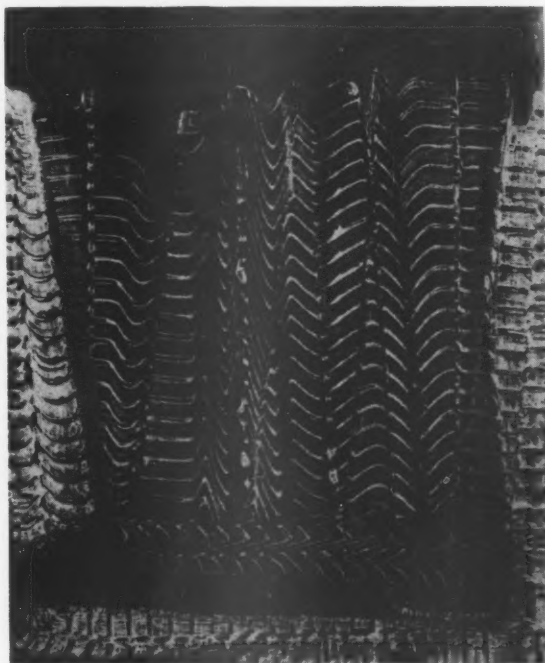
OUT OF Dada, out of Cubism, out of De Chirico (whose work had a direct influence on Ernst when he first saw it in reproduction in 1919), out of Lautréamont, Jarry and Apollinaire, stimulated by the investigations of Freud (Breton had been a student of psychiatry before the First World War) and bolstered by Hegelian theories, came the Surrealists' program of fusing dream and reality in an absolute "Surreality." The method: "a psychic automatism with the help of which we propose to express the real functioning of thought, either orally or in writing, or in any other way. A dictation of thought without any control by reason, outside all aesthetic or moral preoccupations" (André Breton, *First Surrealist Manifesto*, 1924).

Max Ernst, who had launched Dada in the Rhineland in 1919, who had already made contact with Breton and Eluard

and who had painted his first major Surrealist painting, *The Elephant of the Celebes*, in 1921, departed from his native Germany in 1922 and settled in Paris, where he began a series of collaborations with the Surrealist poets. Here in the next three years he produced the "dream paintings" which hang in the opening gallery of the exhibition—*Woman, Old Man and Flower*; *St. Cecilia*; *Equivocal Woman*; *Ubu Imperator*—works which epitomize Surrealist painting at its inception.

Ernst's formula: "the fortuitous meeting of distant realities"; his program: "to avoid as much as possible all preconceived plan." His collages of pasted photoengravings, such as *The Swan Is Very Peaceful* (1920), show him already preoccupied with chance encounters, with the dislocation and substitution of objects. For the Surrealists everything is equal, the dissimilarity of objects only apparent, a product of reason and habit; they stress the need of breaking the circuit of the orderly connection between things through allowing the unconscious to wield spontaneously the power of substitution. These early Ernst paintings appear to realize the Surrealist program in visual terms with unique success, and to speak eloquently and with authenticity.

Woman, Old Man and Flower is a masterpiece of its kind. It shows a romantic, but not improbable, landscape setting, a desolate shore, distant peaks and vast sky (Ernst's admiration for the German nineteenth-century Romantic painter Caspar David Friedrich is known; see the latter's *Capuchin Friar by the Sea*). The closed eye of the Grecian-headed old man and



Ridged Forest (1927-28); private collection, Paris.

*After its New York showing (March 1-May 7), the exhibition will be presented at the Art Institute of Chicago (June 16-July 23). A selection of paintings and drawings by Max Ernst, representing most of the important phases of his work, has been on view at the World House Galleries (March 7-April 1), and, also in New York, a selection of his graphics has been featured at the Borgenicht Gallery (March 7-25).

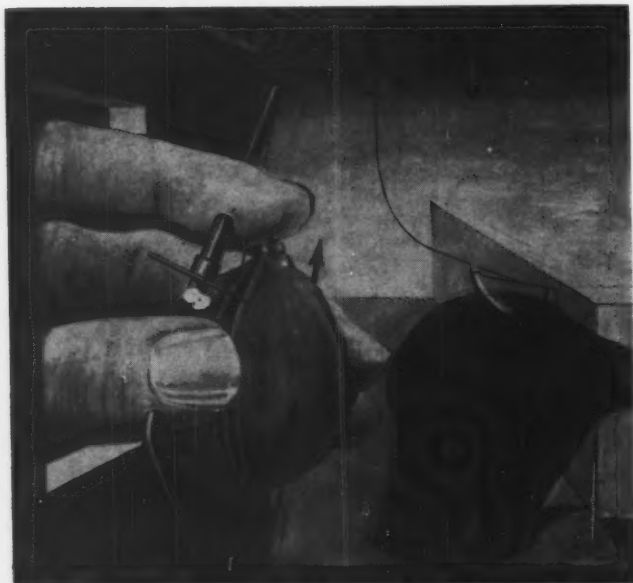
The Max Ernst Exhibition



The Spanish Physician (1940);
collection Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shapiro, Chicago.



Totem and Taboo (1941);
collection Mr. and Mrs. William N. Copley.



Oedipus Rex (1922);
private collection, Paris.

the clasped hands emerging from the hollow torso which encloses the beautiful Velázquez nude suggest dream or trance and offer a point with which the observer can identify and thus participate—which is never possible in the later, more fantastic paintings. The concreteness of the objects represented, even in the semitransparent figure (the “Flower”), seems better to serve the purpose of fusing dream and reality than do the later, wholly chimerical works, for the elements of dream are more often the displaced elements of experience rather than elaborately concocted visual fantasies. It is impossible to say with such a painting at what point consciousness may have been suspended; surely the paradoxes must be quite deliberate—the old man, fixed by the nose to a pole, yet striding along; his garments a hollow shell, his cloak an actual shell fragment, as opposed to the actually given flesh of the “Flower” with its menacing stance and fan-blossom-head; the only intact figure, the nude, a miniature, yet not “real” since she is extracted from a painting—the whole perhaps too carefully conceived to satisfy the demands of automatism, but convincing because of, not in spite of, its plausible elements.

THE vividness with which Ernst recalls his childhood experiences, including a detailed fever vision at the age of six, indicates that he has dwelt on them a good deal; he even describes how he would frighten himself, voluntarily provoking hallucinations by staring at various surfaces to release his imagination. Later in his life he found other ways of stimulating his hallucinatory powers, notably through what he calls “frottage,” a method of taking rubbings, from textured surfaces, on paper and canvas, which he developed in 1925. The effects obtained from the rubbings were transmuted by spontaneous suggestion into drawings and paintings. In this way Ernst moved from the more conventionally contrived execution of his earlier works into methods which offered greater stimulus to his imagination and a more freely associative mode of evolving images. This technique of partial automatism is exploited in his series of forest paintings, in which ridged and grainy wood surfaces are rubbed to give an illusion of textured wood to portions of the canvas. Similarly he adapted the configurations randomly formed by thread or a piece of string or a ragged edge of cloth into paintings such as *One Night of Love* and *The Bride of the Wind* or shadowy groups of figures as in the several versions of the work called *The Horde*.

Other technical processes which Ernst devised as irritants to the imagination were the use of a decalcomania base, and, in the early 1940's, drips from a punctured can of paint suspended on a thread and swung freely over the canvas surface to form surprising configurations as a take-off point for the play of association. Submitted to the artist's extraordinary capacity for self-induced hallucination, these oscillating drip-lines became the basis for fantastically ornate dreamscapes in which animal, vegetable and mineral realms are fused in writhing organic panoramas. For all their eerie fascination, however, these elaborate contrivances lack the provocative aspects of the earlier works; too remote from phenomenal reality, they lack the leverage against entrenched thought-patterns which Surrealism at its most successful provides. Sometimes the lifting of textures or other arbitrary foundations yield paintings which are quite revealing and poetic, such as some of the *Forests* or *The Blind Swimmer*, but often the results would seem to bear out the statement of Marcel Raymond, one of Surrealism's better historians: “It is extremely doubtful whether the Surrealists have succeeded in producing an authentic image of spontaneous dreamlike thought. On the contrary, it seems that in many cases they have set in motion rather superficial mechanisms.”



Woman, Old Man and Flower (1924);
collection Museum of Modern Art, New York.

ERNST'S constant attempt to freshen his vision through the stimulus of new techniques has at least partially prevented the too didactic presentation of the erotic image which has led to the stagnation of Surrealism, its ultimate tedium. The Surrealists' failure to advance new forms for their subject matter, their visualization of the dream as a series of "stills" rather than a state of flux, their disregard for the possibility of conveying psychic immediacy through the activity of the brush, have left them in a backwater while their discoveries have been carried into the general tide of modern art. Their clinical eroticism, like that of their demigod, the Marquis de Sade, becomes almost perversely puritanical in its dismissal of sensual pleasure. (Reverdy: "If the senses completely approve an image, they kill it in the mind." Eluard: "The world must be desensualized.") Ernst has avoided this hardening of means and matter simply through staying in motion. As one looks about in each succeeding gallery of his work, even the most recent, one finds continual broaching of new means and revitalizing of matter, an ever-changing coalescing of images. If each image emerges crystalline, it is because the artist's visions have always been

in sharp focus; he exposes rather than creates ambiguities.

The best object lesson in Surrealism, despite the host of works assembled for this occasion, is a single collage, long a familiar sight at the Museum: *Two Children Are Threatened by a Nightingale*. Simply dissecting this picture, enumerating its motifs and unraveling their origins and implications, is too easy and obvious a pastime. What is required of the spectator is that he grasp, and reconcile himself to, the simultaneity or synthesis of the various levels of experience or modes of experiencing which it presents—the tangible and the visionary, the actual and the illusory, the possible and the impossible, terror and desire, heaven and hell, life and death, access and non-access. The work attempts to effect a resolution of the levels of consciousness through a series of juxtaposed dissimilarities. Ernst wrote, with some optimism, thirty years ago: "In yielding quite naturally to the vocation of pushing back appearances and disturbing the relationships of realities, it [the artistic consciousness] has contributed with a smile on its lips to the speeding up of the general crisis of conscience which must come to a head in our time."



Philip Pearlstein, *Imperial Palace No. 7*; at Frumkin Gallery.



Pearlstein, *Positano No. 3*; at Frumkin Gallery.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY SIDNEY TILLIM

FROM exhibition to exhibition, the tremors in the crust of modern style are growing in intensity. Representational art is the mountain thrusting through the plain. For my part, it is the painting I am now most interested in. I find that it gives me more to look at and more to "understand." I appreciate its ring of familiarity and I believe it has a future.

What has come about has come about gradually and naturally, without conspiracy or revolution. There was no Surrealism to irritate its oyster. As such, representational painting is not re-entering the family of modern art as the *Wunderkind* of the sixties. The cultural convulsion that brought it out into the open may easily swallow it up again if it does not equip itself as a complete art form, if it does not disprove the allegation that it is old-hat or if it does not fulfill the needs which shaped and inspired its re-emergence. In short, it has its own problems and has no need to play at opposition in its turn, that is, to play capture-the-flag with the Abstract Expressionists.

Representational painting has always persisted, of course, but most of it is irrelevant to the issues that face painters who are aware that the dent made on the hide of Western aesthetics and style by modern art is inescapable. And some painters—say,

Leland Bell, or Fairfield Porter, or Rosemarie Beck, to name just three I have written about this season—have drawn their aesthetic from acceptably radical precedents and do not constitute anything like a dramatic break from the present, or even the recent past. The tendency is, in fact, to work within the accredited framework even though, in context, the effects are seemingly revolutionary. But a figurative art relatively free from the domination of history, ancient or recent, is inevitably beyond the perimeter of abstract art. It is a fundamentally different kind of thing, working once more, plainly and fully, through the common visual order of experience. And it must justify that experience plastically as well as emotionally. It must find a subject and a form. It must find a new pictorial environment for itself.

Not all of the four painters whose exhibitions I shall discuss here can be cast as the heavies who are stirring up the established order. Philip Guston, for instance, is acting as if his right hand doesn't know what his left hand is doing while he attempts to smuggle "nature" back into his established abstract style. But it is the younger men here—Philip Pearlstein, Richard Diebenkorn and Alex Katz—whose varieties of the figurative experience have yet to meet the test of the problems that stand between them and stylistic maturity.

MANY of the difficulties of this new Realism (let's drop the quotes and accept that term for the duration; it will do) are clearly outlined and engaged in the work of Philip Pearlstein. Pearlstein's recent paintings, which are on view (April 3-29)

at the Frumkin Gallery, are his best to date, but they still show signs of a strain between intellectual and emotional disciplines. Or call it a conflict between law and necessity, but color has become the factor upon which Pearlstein increasingly depends for the passionate note to overcome the restraints of a classical conscience. Pearlstein's ability to draw is in advance of his freedom of expression. In varying degrees and with the issues sometimes reversed, this is the problem facing his peers also. But Pearlstein is at an advantage because he has found a subject—or accepted one that seems to work for the moment—that is on a par with the formal attitudes invested in it.

All of the paintings in this exhibition are based on wash drawings (which were shown in a previous exhibition) of the Palatine ruins in Rome and the rocks and mountains around Positano and the Amalfi Coast. Pearlstein was in Italy on a Fulbright grant in 1958-59. One of the largest canvases is taken up entirely by a mountain painted in erupting tones of red, yellow and orange, its shadows, cracks, ledges and crevices threading the whole with knotty ligatures. Predominating, however, are largely variations-on-ruins themes. In all there is a fantastic articulation of surface in a further effort to accommodate the feeling side of his expression, to divert its attention from the restraining boundaries of the form. In all there is a breadth of action the consciousness of which is at least partially attributable to abstract art, though Pearlstein has been a representational painter from the beginning.

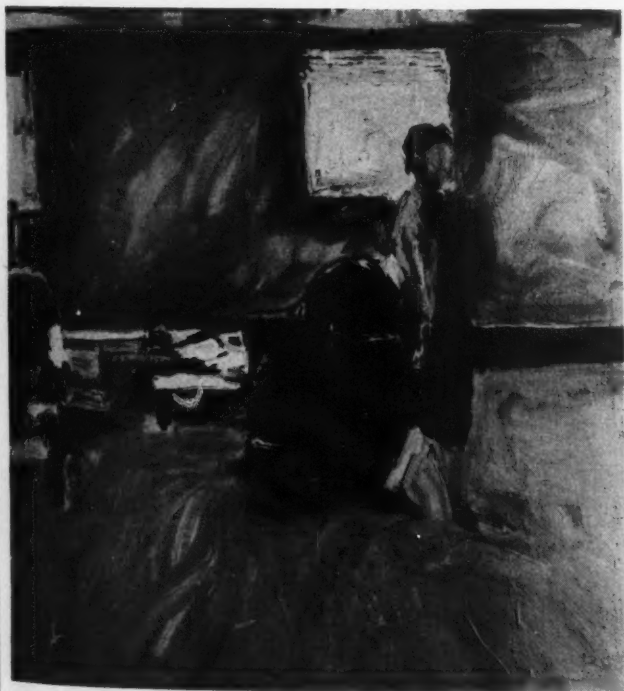
Pearlstein paints mountains and ruins as if they were sides of beef. We are given nature as a carcass which, if not exactly mutilated, submits nonetheless to a challenging autopsy over and over again. *Imperial Palace No. 7*, a Palatine ruin, is a study of an enduring arch and adjoining rubble whose musculature is laid bare to reveal antiquity as a cadaver, its bones and sockets glistening with yellow, green, orange and blue. Just as animalic is *Imperial Palace No. 2*, its hide flayed, lying there very much the remains of something, but something seemingly

ravaged as much by beasts as by time. Yet these variations on a theme are pursued with the conscientiousness and the passionate detachment of a Monet catching the changing light on the surfaces of the Rouen Cathedral.

Pearlstein's color is so powerful (or so prominent), so sanguine, so almost *odd*, that his ability to draw is at first all but unnoticed. You do not think of style if you are being burned. At first glance one might take him for an Expressionist. Then gradually it becomes apparent how observantly, if compulsively, extracted is each tissue of subject surface. The aggregate is a network of multiple observations, not unlike those of Cézanne but finally completely different because passion is not yet directly linked with observation. Sense and sensibility would be at loggerheads if Pearlstein, respectability itself around the edges, had not decided to bore his way out from the inside.

The preliminary drawings dealt with color only through the inference of tones of black, white and gray, and they point up the artist's conflict between a classical feeling for form and a romantic attitude toward the expression of it by being more completely realized within their largely structural emphasis. The tonal sobriety of the graphic medium enables Pearlstein to concentrate on draftsmanship, where he excels. I happened to see one of these drawings in Rome, where I was most taken by the ruins also, and it struck me that the romantic subject lost none of its overtones to formal exposition.

The drawings also remind one that Pearlstein's perfervid color is a studio invention. His contrasts can be shocking, like lavender and a suppurant yellow flecked with cool blues and greens. The studio conception may explain the lack of nuance. This in turn suggests that the new Realists must restock their imagination with the homely details that have been depleted by conceptual abstraction. Pearlstein's color is flushed rather than pertinently charged and could stand mediation by the model or heed the implications of a passion whose affective ripeness is ready for the figure (which, recently, he has been drawing from



Richard Diebenkorn, *Girl in a Room*;
at Poindexter Gallery.



Diebenkorn, *Bath*;
at Poindexter Gallery.

MONTH IN REVIEW

"life"). Here, in the graven forbidden image, may rest the ultimate object of his senses.

Meanwhile this remains a rewarding, challenging exhibition. Each painting is crammed with adventure, from the earliest, a ruin done up in transparent washes, to *Positano No. 2*, a mountain whose lofty impersonality is done in by color, and *Rocks, Positano*, a craggy peak drifting through greens and whose scale is at once miniature and monumental, like the lump of coal in which Delacroix saw "the forms of enormous masses of rock."

IF PEARLSTEIN's drawings make it clear that color in his paintings chafes at the restrictions of realistic contours, they may also help to explain why a painter like Richard Diebenkorn has preferred an "abstract" setting for his huge figure paintings that are usually dominated by the walls in the pictures. It rationalized anything he cared to do with color and space; at the same time it permitted him to convert his forms into visual "carriers," to judge their contours merely by their pictorial function. The role of the subject matter was never more than equivocal even though its presence was significant. But there are indications in his new work currently on exhibition (March 13–April 8) at the Poindexter Gallery that Diebenkorn is about to sacrifice some of this "abstract" unity on behalf of a more active role of the subject.

Simply put, Diebenkorn is trying to work more three-dimensionally. He is closing in on the figure and trying to locate it in *its own space*. The new Realism pivots on the crucial admission that an object is only as credible as its environment and that the environment is only as credible as the artist's commitment to the object. In this respect Diebenkorn's new paintings reveal all the uncertainty that he has been able to submerge in design since he turned from Abstract Expressionism, officially, about four years ago. Drawing, assuming a more independent role, forces the emphasis on intellectual composition to one side, and this I regard as a salutary development. For the moment, though, since Diebenkorn's drawing leaves something to be desired, the results are not an unqualified success.

There are a number of works in Diebenkorn's *secure* style—*Girl with a Plant*, that uses the twisting plant to break up a striped wall; *Girl and a Striped Chair*, where subsidiary details monitored by light direct the division of space; and *Woman at a Table in a Strong Light*, with its alizarin and red wall and light falling sharply over the woman from behind. Her central position markedly differs from the girl with the plant who is confined to the lower left-hand corner like a knot that keeps the space from emptying out of the plane. But totally new is *Two Nudes*,* and almost as aggressively different is *Bath*. In the former, a man and woman are painted out of doors next to a flimsy tree and an opaque expanse of blue—still a wall. In the latter, a female nude is about to take (or has just finished) a shower in a large black and white tile stall. Before even the question of style, the *Two Nudes*—as a subject—lacks motivation. Its male and female figures are cribbed from the standard "great" subjects of art, but are neither Biblical nor pagan nor ideal. The woman in *Bath* is painted so close up (three-quarter length) as to be startling. A figure has never been so *present* in Diebenkorn's painting before, dominating the space, forcing her action against the picture's action. It is Diebenkorn's most successful attempt to shatter life-throttling design, but the factors working at cross purposes in the management of the painting—as painting—form a primer on the problems facing

any artist coping with the new Realism. Its drawing, color, composition and form simply do not pull together. Figure and ground are still disengaged, and the blurring of the woman's left arm below the elbow is all the more distracting for her right foot—which seems to be attached directly to her buttock—being caught in a reflexive gesture that is observed, however incompletely. The flesh tint is muddy because of the uncertainty of the figurative mass in space (it thus does not function as color), and the abstracted tile and glass background recalls pattern largely to restore a semblance of order. But Rome wasn't built in a day, and this painting is a searching start.

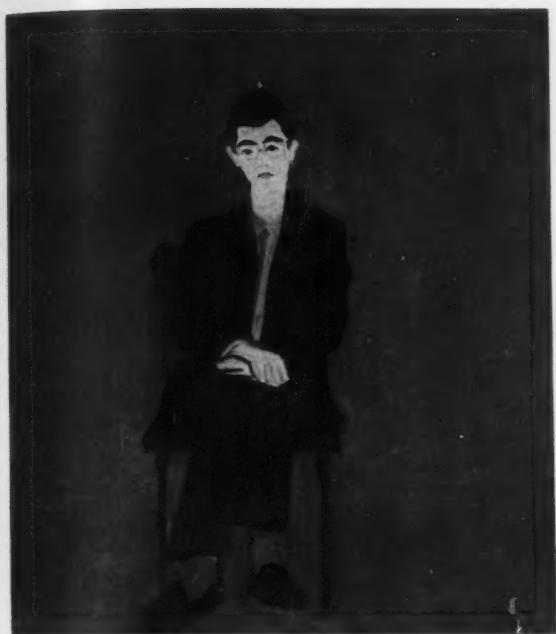
An innovation, at least publicly, is the assortment of smaller paintings in which Diebenkorn seems to be testing various behavioral properties of his new wings. A few of these works are tiny, trivial, and are made available as signatures. But one of the largest of these—*Girl in a Room*—is the work I liked most. The girl is seen full-length in the room, and the impression of potential movement is heightened both by the posed weight pushing forward on her right leg and her location in the composition: she is the object farthest to the right of an arrangement of scattered furniture. She seems about to move away, and the incipient gesture vitalizes the whole of a work whose sketchiness qualifies the generalized treatment of details. As a Realist, Diebenkorn is only just beginning to fight.

AS FAR as I can make out, Alex Katz is playing it cool. He is plainly drawn to Realism, but he understates it. The effect is to give it a curious prominence while emphasizing the formal apparatus as well. It all comes out a bit too pat. My feeling is that his paintings are basically uncertain of their pictorial conventions and that the underplaying is a form of chic, converting the romance of Abstract Expressionism into a new image of



Alex Katz, *Cathy*; at Stable Gallery.

*This painting was withdrawn from the exhibition.



Alex Katz, *Richard Bellamy*;
at Stable Gallery.

(simple, middle-class) man. His is the hunter's wish for the folks back home.

Katz's exhibition at the Stable Gallery (February 20–March 11) presented the picture of an all-inclusive world. There were family scenes at the lake—in *Vacationland*—and even a picture of a *Vacation Moon*, which was a sort of avant-garde post-card, then back to the grubby studio in New York (at least it looks grubby). Some circular landscapes, one with a loud pink border, are almost photographically composed, stultified, you might say, and there are indications in these latter studies as in those of his studio that Katz would like to ruffle up a bit his seemingly unruffled style.

Katz paints in a flat, usually closed-form idiom. Hence his portraits are the most successful. *Dick Bellamy* and *Edwin Denby* (sans backdrop in true Irving Penn Style) isolate the mannered element in Katz's style but present it openly and with unstrained directness—something of a cross between Milton Avery and Fairfield Porter. The multiple exposures of a woman in *The Black Dress* turn female pride into a pretext to work with a group of figures unsullied by historical conventions. It substitutes the Orbach's ad for the Bible. But Katz does face up to bigger things in *Cathy*—a nude in the woods. Katz responds to the voluptuousness of this figure by actually painting it. A flush comes over his wan style. The figure doesn't really belong to the background and she plainly stands there for the good of art—a *Consumer's Guide* version of ideal form. But she provokes the most substantial passage of painting in the exhibition. How tame the men look in comparison!

PHILIP GUSTON's performance in the past few years is rather like that of the pedestrian who closes his eyes to the traffic to prevent it from running him down. If it is to happen, he doesn't want to know what hit him. His latest work at the Sidney Janis Gallery (February 13–March 11) brought the incipient collision to a climax, and Guston still has his eyes closed.

Guston is trying to wrap the still life around his Abstract

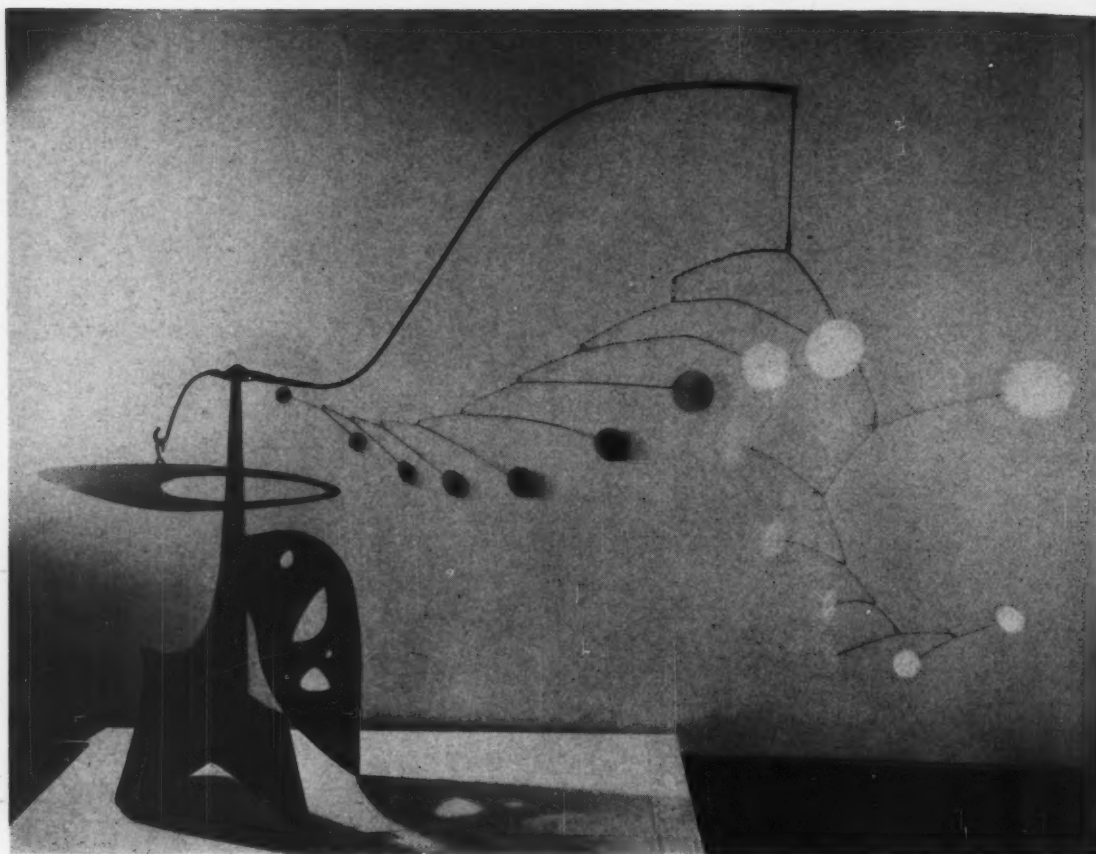


Philip Guston, *Blue Table*;
at Sidney Janis Gallery.

Expressionist style. He puts paint on in the same wonderfully phlegmatic way, but it turns to slush in which signs of real things—a table, a bottle, a cup—bob about like apples in a tub. Now and then he reverts to his familiar style, with its feeling, darkling masses looming in milky plains, worrying themselves into overweight. But then he attempts to transliterate a cup into a cognate abstraction by flooding it with his creeping bravura and blowing it up larger than life. Landscape is more easily appeased, and in *Garden of M* two squashy melon shapes of half-mixed black and red, disdaining specific identity, are opportunistically ambiguous. All the other critics I have read were unanimous on the *Blue Table* as the most successful synthesis. I thought it showed up his quibbling for what it was.

One senses both the pressure of his environment and of his success in these irritatingly tentative endeavors. A *volte-face* now might mean estrangement not only from his audience but fellow artists as well. As for the immediate effects on his painting, there is an apparent, even appealing, increase in the tension of his strokes, which mean more now, even if they are halfhearted. The more figurative canvases, however, are much less successful than the abstract ones because their equivocation hardly copes with the new problems they introduce.

A veteran warrior of the arts, Guston is doubtless aware of the tremendous difficulties involved in the alteration of a style. He cannot possibly relish the loss of momentum that is inevitable in such a change-over. Diebenkorn, for instance, has similarly put off certain problems by attempting to keep complete control during the transition from Abstract Expressionism to a new Realism. That accounts for his inflated scale. It "proves" the painting is more important. Pearlstein by comparison has nothing but new worlds to conquer. He may come out of the ruins and the mountains to the city yet. But Guston's policy of aesthetic appeasement unconsciously demeans the younger "upstart" Realists by diverting attention, through his eminence, from their gains. He is painting a kind of Orwellian "newspeak," the kind that I read in a recent blurb elsewhere: "This is not a return to realism so much as it is a departure from the abstract."



Alexander Calder, *Laocöon*; at Perls Galleries.

IN THE GALLERIES

Joan Miró and Alexander Calder: This is a good show; a poor one of either Miró or Calder or the two together is probably impossible. Therefore, incited by excellence and using its standard, one can complain that there is less of it than is imaginable. Neither Miró nor Calder has flagged; neither has changed much either. The present elements were mostly invented in the twenties and thirties; they grow exceedingly familiar. Both artists have done work in the last decade suggesting novelty, further complexity, and cognizance of the increasing coherence of abstract work. In this exhibition four reworked lithographs of 1950 are most illustrative of Miró's occasional deviation from his more characteristic work, much of which is being shown, dating from 1924. The original state of the print involved several tenuous, clear colors and a star. Figures and signs were superimposed upon, virtually enmeshed in, various unusual and unprimary colors—umber, sienna and in one case a light brownish orange which is unique but which also resembles the intensely serene brown of *Le Vol de l'Oiseau sur la Plaine* of 1939, a paramount painting. A lithograph not in the present show, *Les Forestiers*—the title is approximate—is a better example of new possibilities. A strange, open, asymmetrical ladder-like form of clear, cool blue lines irregularly scraped through

to the white is overlaid with an array of stars, heads, arabesques and a transparent yellow and rose. The color and the closely knit space, which is less sequential than before and refers as much to the surface as to the background, are relatively new to Miró. A mobile cantilevered from the wall is the most unexpected and arresting of the ones being shown, all of which Calder made in the last decade. A loop and an arm of red wire support a red shape from which depend halves, one a black oval with holes and the second another red wire split into two balancing parts. One of these parts drops and swings toward the wall. The second rises through a hole in the black oval and ends up and out in a cluster of pieces. The balanced halves are rearranged; the first division is obscured; half of the second pierces half of the first. The structure is comparable in complexity and kind to an interpenetrating type used by Poussin and Picasso and others. The color tends away from Calder's usual red-black-white scheme, introducing yellow and gray as well. The ambiguity, intelligence and power of the mobile are a distinct pleasure. (Perls, Feb. 21-Apr. 1.)—D.J.

Secrets of the Tomb: Notwithstanding the sensational title, this was an exhibition of Peruvian textiles of the pre-Inca period. Unlike the Mexi-

can and Central American Pre-Columbian civilizations, the Andean flourished in a climate that was more favorable to the survival of perishable materials, being drier. It was nevertheless surprising to learn here that pre-Inca culture can now be traced as far back as 2000 B.C., the Chavin period being dated around 900 B.C. On the other hand, Pál Kelemen, in *Medieval American Art*, does not find evidence of any culture before the first century A.D., and puts the Chavin within the first five centuries. The exhibits were, in addition, rather ambiguously described as "fifth through fifteenth century." They consisted mainly of ponchos and fragments of cloth, with both woven and painted designs of the familiar geometrical animals and figures, and their colors had indeed been wonderfully preserved. One realized how vibrant the browns, reds and yellows must have been in the clear mountain air—there was a particularly delicate turquoise combined with brown in a painted pattern of squares. Such sad, contextless relics must be viewed as archaeological objects; otherwise sentimentality wins out and thoughts turn to one of the worst cultural holocausts ever. (Delacorte, Feb. 15-Mar. 15.)—V.R.

Marsden Hartley: The trouble with Hartley's work is that objectivity, our contemporary Holy

Grail, becomes more elusive than usual when we think about his life. One can only feel distressed by descriptions of this New Worlder courting all over the Old, seeking the answer which he did not find until the age of fifty-seven, and then in his own home state. It is also horrible to think of the amount of time he wasted in Greenwich Village *boîtes* with the avant-garde. With a few exceptions, these drawings are more an account of his searchings than of his ultimate peace. From the early Maine period there are some agitated sketches in dark pencil of laboring figures, but the phase most extensively represented is that of the mid-twenties, of which 1927 seems to have been a strange year. There are two Cézannesque sketches of Mont Sainte Victoire, and several nude studies in black and red chalk where he was concerned with bulk and solidity in a sculptural way, but was not always able to fit the component parts together. Then there are three drawings connected only in their appeal to the emotions: two are beautiful pastels on gray paper of an autumnal birch, the third is a black-chalk line drawing of a group of construction workers whose leader is carrying the dead Christ. Only a colossal faith could have sustained this man in such wanderings, and, paradoxically, a kind of honesty. Close study of his life and work should be mandatory for all mentally and physically displaced painters. (Babcock, Apr. 18-May 6.)—V.R.

Jan Müller: These twenty little water colors and gouache drawings by the late German-American artist show the qualities he gained from his native land's Expressionists, and some of those he passed on to contemporary New York painting. Müller came to this country at the age of twenty, during the Second World War, and was closely connected with the most active painters in New York, especially Hans Hofmann, until his early death in 1958. The small works shown here are from the early fifties. Most important are the group of black-and-white gouache portraits, intensely German, and a series of beautiful abstract water-color landscapes. The portraits, many of them self-portraits, usually have the head jammed up full-face into the picture plane, with the lines of the jaw and hair making a frame. The three-quarter view of *Miss Bluestein*, with its jarring but subtle distortions, is particularly powerful. The most realistic of the landscapes are two stormy mountain scenes painted on brown paper with a feeling a great deal like Nolde. The majority are closer to a regular abstract pattern and even more colorful. They are not necessarily "American," but like Klee, less obviously German. Even a sketchy exhibit of work like this reminds us stinging how many excellent and comparatively unrecognized artists we have had in the midst of the grandstand players. (Zabriskie, Mar. 27-Apr. 15.)—L.S.

Stephen Pace: It is as evident from Pace's large paintings that there has been excellent work nearby as it is that these are not first-class themselves. Heaviness vitiates the high authority of the scale present in the strokes and areas. The explosion was elsewhere; this is the muted but powerful reverberation. The paintings depend on steady, somewhat predictable building rather than on spontaneity controlled by a coherent idea. The work is without a clear formulation of oppositions and is consequently even. Pace uses several derived elements. In addition to the normal discrepancy these parts are stripped of the oppositions which they had in their specific locations. They are abridged and put on common ground. The edged passages of Still are used but not the dense flat surface. Thick brushwork is used, unlike De Kooning's and some of Brooks's paintings, without austere and dissonant color. As well as these faults the work has the further compromise, not just political but actual, of vaguely suggesting landscape through the color, often greens and

earths, and through their wandering patterns. For description 60-08 is apt; it has the general difficulties and good points of most of the work, all on a par. But it attempts convexity to a greater degree than the others. The curvature of the long horizontal axis and the shorter vertical one is partially successful, but there is an insoluble conflict between the desired volume and the means at hand, mostly Still-like areas in a columnar arrangement. Red and blue are the dominant colors and are preferable to the less abstract ones in other works. The red, interrupted and irregular, extends down the middle of the canvas, protruding into the blue on either side. It can be attached to either the left or the right and become the forward wave of a corresponding sweep across the canvas. (Wise, Mar. 7-Apr. 1.)—D.J.

Kurt Sonderborg: Abstract painting in Europe is on the whole very dull because it cannot forget *peinture*. Yet painters like Alechinsky and now Sonderborg suggest that Europe may regain for itself supremacy in abstract art as the American "action" painters, enmeshed in their own myth, rush toward the "taste" which is a Continental staple. The Europeans would encounter no contradiction, no loss of impetus, by painting wild pictures that show good breeding. They may be relieved, in fact, to find refinement a friend, for a change, rather than the enemy of their "freedom." Europeans in America, however, may eventually be embarrassed by the irony of their situation. and Sonderborg, a young German, who has only recently moved to New York with the intention of staying, is making a critical move. Yet his American debut is, at this turning point, an auspicious one. He is an exciting painter if only because he is at present concentrated. His protestant values are not insulted by his technical comeliness. Visually, his art suggests a Franz Kline sired by Mathieu. There is a vivid slash of black, frequently running from the upper left-hand corner of the surface to the lower right. It functions as the chassis for a clangorous system of moving parts—arcs, wheels, driving shafts and vibrational textures which, like the vertiginous inclination of the arrangement as a whole, create an impression of dramatic speed. A smear of red is occasionally added, a literary gore that is unnecessary in events which are titled by date and the span of time it takes Sonderborg to "complete" them. There is no average; one may take him slightly more than half an hour, another almost two hours. One considers this frankness perspicacious; it is the measure, however episodic, of his engagement and identity. Sonderborg's New York paintings begin to fill the surface. A fascinating work is one in which a pattern of breaks has been scraped and combed from a layer of black. Sonderborg seems about to explore more diffused motifs (one already gyrates), but this is more evident in a number of drawings whose scrawniness exchanges impulse for mere impetuosity. Sonderborg is a breath of fresh air, but whether he can build a future out of a strong breeze remains to be seen. (Lefebvre, Mar. 14-Apr. 18.)—S.T.

Elias Goldberg: This artist has appropriated a subject—New York City—which he obviously does not tire of, and he has gone about his business very quietly painting pictures whose stylistic equanimity is a characteristic only of artists who are secure in their tradition—whether it is home-made or imported. This exhibition is his first since 1948 and only the second of his career. And he is about seventy-seven years old. Such obscurity is tantamount to commitment today. I don't question it. I just wonder where he's been. And I wonder with some cause, I think, because I consider the coolness of his style and his repudiation of the artistic rat race all of a piece. Mondrian is the man he resembles most, in this respect.

There is a perfectionism in his art that probably could not tolerate the distractions and squal-



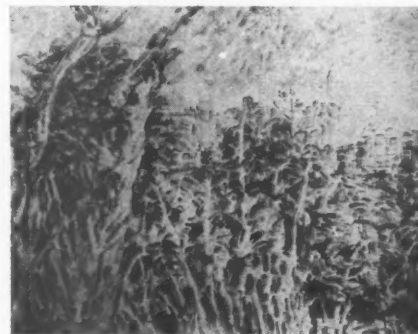
Jan Müller, *Man's Head*;
at Zabriskie Gallery.



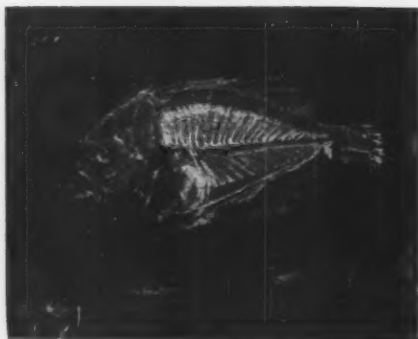
Stephen Pace, 60-08;
at Howard Wise Gallery.



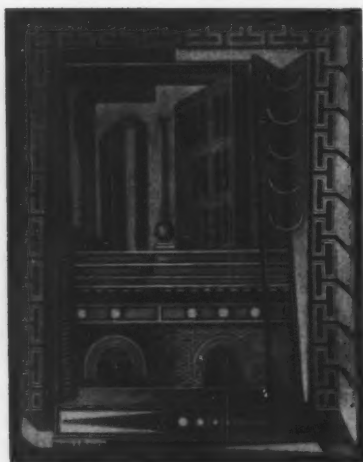
Kurt Sonderborg, *Jan 22/61*;
at Lefebvre Gallery.



Elias Goldberg, *The City with Trees*;
at Egan Gallery.



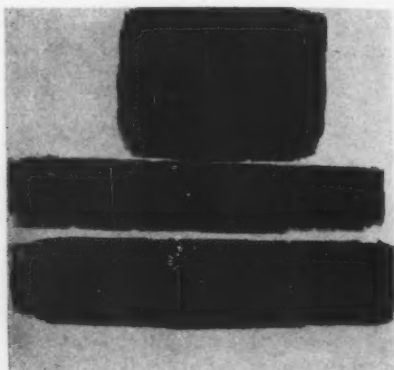
John Koenig, *Dried Fish*;
at Fulton Gallery.



Pamela Bianco, *Across the Street*;
at David Herbert Gallery.



Grandpa Shalom, *Esau, Brother of Jacob,
Goes Hunting*; at Carlebach Galleries.



Raymond Parker, *Untitled Painting*;
at Kootz Gallery.

bles of a manic-depressive market place. His art is all repose, even though its world centers largely on the Washington Heights area of New York where he lives—a canyon of apartment houses near the Hudson. He paints with a maximum amount of patience and a minimum amount of paint. He lays out the forms of ranked apartment houses, bridges and neighborhood locales with dry smudges of pigment, a Post-Impressionist distillate which has burned off the sensuous nap of color. In its place, cool greens, blues and a chalky brick red become the staples of his palette. Over the years his structure grows in transparency. He becomes the Hassam of the Heights. The over-all tone resembles that of a faded tapestry, and in a recent painting the subject all but surrenders to the light and movement of autonomic dabs. He has emptied his content of stress and replaced it with an atomized equilibrium whose porosity transforms the historical anachronism of his style into the formal distance of purity.

I have more admiration than feeling for this achievement and must confess that I am intrigued by his re-emergence at this particular time. When he showed in 1948 (his dealer then, as now, was Charles Egan, who also gave De Kooning and Kline their first one-man exhibitions), he probably seemed more out of step (too quiet) than he does today. Maybe this time his art will take. (Egan, Mar. 1-Apr. 10.)—S.T.

John Koenig: Koenig may be accused—and with some justification—of taking up an extreme position in reaction to abstract art. He has taken a page from Goya's text and on that rock builds his church. Specifically, many of these paintings were inspired by Goya's demonic vision of *Chronos Devouring His Children*. But Koenig's Chronos feeds on rats. The hideous image appears in other works as a symbol of life—the terrifying maw-figure in *Maiden Entering Life*, as lust incarnate in *The Rape*. These canvases are blackened and somber. Against this gloomy picture, Koenig pits love, courage and humor. In *Revaluation* a mother and child share a common insight. The *Maiden* undergoing initiation does so unflinchingly. Her well-molded body is built for trial. And in *The Solution* an old woman is suspended by a rope out of harm's way—a desperate approach to the problem of the aged whose existence is, in fact, touchingly accepted in the guise of ludicrousness. But this sort of work is at some remove from the ground being broken by recent realist painting. It consciously steps back. It dates to be obvious and general and it does not pose. Its sincerity is unquestionable, and there is a gem of a painting of a dead fish whose stilled allegory proves his own strengths. It is a feeler for more direct communication. (Fulton, Mar. 3-Apr. 14.)—S.T.

Pamela Bianco: This show deserves special attention because the paintings are so unusual and so good. The peculiar character of the work can be described as vaguely by one oversimple phrase as another, like "the ideas of Blake with the means of Léger." Eight moderate-sized paintings done over the last seven years make up the entire show. In *Italian Still Life* and *Pomegranate*, the subjects seem to have been completely destroyed and then almost completely re-created in profuse and infinitely exacting geometrical patterns. The pomegranate comes out more like an electronic Christmas-tree ornament, floating over a collection of mysterious supersonic forms. Crudely paralleling these two paintings to Analytical Cubism, the two done in 1960, *Tribute to Walt Whitman* and *Tribute to William Blake*, would be Synthetically Cubist. They are mechanized "spirit symbols": Whitman's, a crossed shield in front of a working complex of advancing planes; Blake's, two impossibly complex Prussian medals shooting in programmatically from the upper right. *The Appoint-*

ment, finished this year, is a Surreal vision of a young girl on a receding altar-of-life roadway. The two earliest (1954-56) paintings, called *The Window* and *Across the Street*, are most impressive works, resembling Léger's great work of the twenties more than anything else. They are very similar pieces, reasonably realistic, again extremely detailed and completed, with each detail as an architectural part of the whole. All the paintings call to mind a dozen names but are not "like" anything else. Miss Bianco, who had her first one-man show as an illustrator of children's books at the tender age of thirteen, and her last previous one in the 1930's, seems to have been conscientiously following her own heart since then. The work is really too old-fashioned and too personal to be of first significance today, but there is nothing anywhere with more serious conviction. (David Herbert, Apr. 3-29.)—L.S.

Grandpa Shalom: Astutely christened to exploit certain superficial similarities to the colorful little lady from upstate New York, Shalom Moscovitz is a primitive who breaks the lethargy that has settled over the gluttoned vogue for naïve painters. Like Grandma Moses, Grandpa Shalom is very old, and he also started painting very late in life. But there the similarity ends, for Moscovitz is an eighty-three-year-old watchmaker from Israel who is not so much a primitive as he is a throwback to pre-Christian styles. A Yemenite Jew, he paints a mixture of the Persian miniature, the Egyptian frieze and something of the modern comic strip. Many of his compositions follow the early medieval pattern of suggesting recession by separate planes—demarcated by Moscovitz—that correspond to a sequence of action as it unwinds in time. The drawing is childish, done in outlines that are later filled in with bright color. The subject matter is taken from the Bible and Passover Haggadah and notably refreshed. Dialogue is entered in Hebrew, and the compositions are full of surprises. When his armies of figures run out of space in one direction, they make an abrupt angle and march up the page. These small paintings have enormous decorative appeal. (Carlebach, Mar. 27-Apr. 27.)—S.T.

Raymond Parker: There has been no radical change in Parker's painting in the past year. He continues to employ soft, slightly less than fleecy masses of color that hover over one another or are stacked side by side without going in for any more conjugality than permitting their shoulders to rub lightly. They resist any firm attachments, preferring to float. Such change as one can discern within the year are niggling, but if they were anything else, the painting would have to be entirely different. Parker has decided to string along for a while with what he has. But it has become increasingly apparent that his rather fixed vocabulary has more than the usual limitations which beset such highly simplified means. Their compression of art history is more in the way of a *fait accompli* rather than something deeply endured. By roughing up the edges a bit more—which may mean boredom as well as ambition—and by permitting tonal differences within the mass to suggest modeling, he seems, in these recent paintings, to have produced something more like a response to motivational research than to the needs of art. Admittedly we found their "abstract hedonism" a beguiling tour de force a year ago. Today, for doubtlessly many reasons, we are simply less amused. (Kootz, Feb. 14-Mar. 4.)—S.T.

Bernard Dufour: In first his abstract style and now his more figurative one, Dufour's problem has been his insistence on impeccable technique. At least it appears that way on this side of the Atlantic—Dufour is Parisian—where paint is handled more freely and is adjunctively expressive of the artist's attitude toward his content.

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Dufour's polished surface is a burdensome inheritance. This was true of his abstract paintings also, this divisive patina that is inconsistent with allusive forms torn from a nexus in nature or women. Also his consciousness of design deadens much of the mobile figuration he desires. The distortion of figurative form and the overloaded atmosphere in these works have a pampered quality, an almost cultivated melancholy that largely represents the emotional residue of thwarted figurative impulses. One of the nudes in *Pluie de Femmes* is rather fully modeled, but the others meet with varying degrees of obfuscation and disfiguration in funereal settings whose chromatic harmonies are limited to about three colors, usually somber, which want for subtleties of tone as well as value. Dufour is not an unsubstantial talent, but he could be a more exciting one, releasing the passion that goes begging—when all the signs denote its presence—in a rather theatrical romanticism. (Loeb, Mar. 1-Apr. 15.)—S.T.

Leon Golub: These very large figures look like ancient statues that have been run down by a steamroller. Their surfaces are scarred and pitted like an old blacktop surface. The mixture of lacquer and oil with which they are painted is scraped, producing a festering quality whose infection, glinting with bits of color, has more of the stuff of life than the images as a whole. These works are heroic, athletic types whose masseur is Dubuffet. But they are devoid of painterly excitement, and there's the rub. The scarified surfaces and the monumental scale are substitutes for the life the paintings cannot seem to express directly. And their association with the classic image of masculinity merely underwrites the aggravated effort to compensate for the displacement of anything that might be associated with weakness, for the absence of those nuances of technique and for finer distinctions of feeling—in short, the whole feminine side of the creative drive. The figures are rightly ossified, but it may be hoped that the pale color, new for Golub, is a sign of blood beginning to flow again through their once-human veins. (Frumkin, Mar. 1-31.)—S.T.

Jack Tworikov: There is always something of a waxy quality in Tworikov's paintings, whether it is hard or blurred. But Tworikov has neither the strength of obsession nor the latitude of invention to enforce his note of originality. So he must resort to established symbols in order to sustain his invention. His new work is a clutter of family resemblances which are inadvertent to the extent that the symbolism of Abstract Expressionism has become common parlance. Eight large paintings comprised the bulk of his recent exhibition. They are different from one another not in the way a painting of a landscape is different from a painting of a figure, but in the devices employed to gild the remnant of personality. It is more like inbreeding than influence, and the intention is to perpetuate exclusiveness. Thus, the bits of De Kooning, Leslie and Kline which appear to exalt not so much those sources as a specious sovereignty. In *East Barrier* a hurtling black mass is a clannish motif that obscures the Kline tartan by being done up in Tworikov's characteristically frayed but practiced style. In *Break III* the spray and drip of the strokes leak out of the bottom of a shattered development of maroon and blue planks, the sclerotic arteries of middle age. *Dedicated to Stephan Wolpe* is the most successful work here. There is circulation in the windswept bands of red that break over a rectangular barrier of green, but the striped effect presses on the same chord Leslie heard in De Kooning. The streamers of red, blue and green in *Friday*, forming a collapsing basket weave, hide their geometry in movement and never comes to grips with space—say, as does Mondrian's *New York*. This is the most

"actiony" work, and it draws one's attention to Tworikov's space, which is at best ambiguous. He is torn between nature and visual self-evidence, and the plastic "presence" is compromised by its slant toward suggestive imagery. He also paints with some taste, a vestigial finesse that does not permit his ardor to assert itself fully. He is forced to invoke various tribal fetishes in the name of freedom. (Castelli, Feb. 28-Mar. 18.)—S.T.

Nicolas de Staël: He may have been the last dying sigh of French painting, but what a sigh! Consider, for example, *Volume of Things* (1949), a tall arrangement of diagonals and verticals that is not exactly new to us now, but those nearly imperceptible variations on pale greens and blue-grays will surely be eternally new. At least, they will be to those who are interested in painting rather than philosophy. In this loan exhibition of relatively small works dated from 1946 to 1953, an important and tantalizing aspect of his work was revealed again, lifting him out of the just-a-great-colorist category. Once the eye has been arrested by the signal of his color—as in the arrangement of a blue, a green and a red bottle on a dark-blue table against an orange background—it then becomes hypnotized. The victim can be trapped like a rabbit in a headlight—yet it is not at all clear why anything so simple should have this effect; one only knows that his myriad imitators couldn't do it. And who cares if getting a kick out of a dead, high-priced master is just a case of 20/20 hindsight anyway? (Hahn, Feb. 7-Mar. 4.)—V.R.

Richard Pousette-Dart: It is difficult to comment on a painter whose personality has been established over two decades or so both by his work and by the nailing process of critical appraisal. Though unquestionably of his time, Pousette-Dart seems to stand outside of the mainstream of contemporary American art, chiefly through his obvious concern with his medium and what it will do. Here we are bombarded more by a shimmering peace than by experimentalism. Of the pictures available for review, two were eminent for a painterliness that recalled Bonnard. They resemble curtains of translucent beads, with the strings separated from one another by rivulets of luminous color; one is a fusion of pink, blue-purple and golden flame color, while the other is an essay in a cooler range where the strings glisten against blue-green, yellow and purple. A horizontal painting is built up in many dry particles of color that coalesce to form an expanse of coral—it is warm one moment and cool the next. The small organisms gather more closely toward the center, where a few larger shapes are embedded like fossils of a later age. This painter appears absorbed in making objects that are primarily beautiful, and we may therefore (returning to Keats for a moment) enjoy their significance. (Parsons, Apr. 10-29.)—V.R.

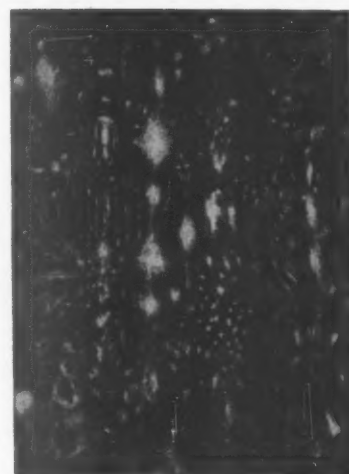
Henri Michaux: Michaux is a well-known French avant-garde poet who has also been a practicing artist for years. He still needs practice. His water colors and ink-blot abstractions are games of chance with a paint pot, with an occasional mescalin trance thrown in to keep the party from getting dull. Michaux has written a book on his experiments with mescalin and illustrated it with drawings made under its influence. The inclusion of two of them here is evidence of the self-sacrosanct piety that surrounds his practice in the visual arts. M. Michaux is no more interested in discovering the unknown through art than he is willing to admit that his "experiments" via drugs or automatism are escape hatches from the role of choice in dealing with form. Except for the fact that they have the wobbles, the mescalin drawings are surprisingly symmetrical, and this should have suggested to him on what side of consciousness real variety exists. In the water colors there



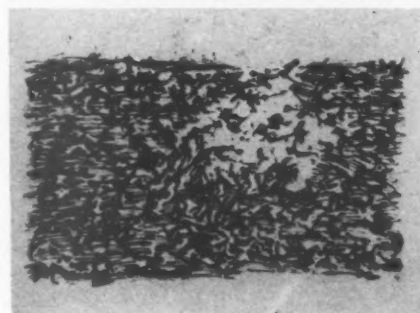
Jack Tworikov, *East Barrier*;
at Castelli Gallery.



Nicolas de Staël, *Untitled*;
at Stephen Hahn Gallery.



Richard Pousette-Dart, *Untitled*;
at Betty Parsons Gallery.



Henri Michaux, *Drawing*;
at Cordier-Warren Gallery.



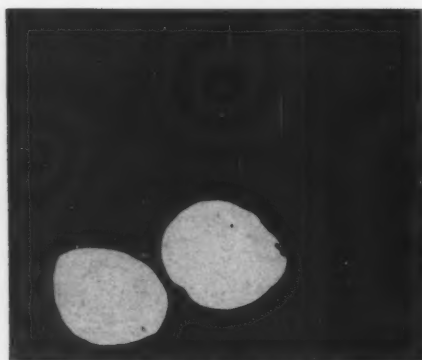
William Brice, *Two Figures No. 2*;
at Alan Gallery.



Seymour Boardman, *July 18, 1960*;
at Stephen Radich Gallery.



Paul Mommer, *Aristodemos Kaldis*;
at Two Explorers Gallery.



Jules Olitski, *Mushroom Joy*;
at Poindexter Gallery.

are embryos maturing in the inseminated washes, while the large ink drawings, where the invention is more regularized (at last), parlay associative splotches into anything you care to call them. It is a subversive form of literature. Michaux himself once wrote, "Even if it is true, it is false." You said it. (Cordier-Warren, Mar. 8-31.)—S.T.

William Brice: Brice's nude male and female figures cleave to each other in a leafy setting or against rock and sea, and they make quite exciting viewing. His zestful drawing and painting of flesh is invigorating, and one notes his impatient way of leaving the pictures incomplete—yet they seem always to contain enough. The large crouching female figure is powerful in design, though the color is less lyrical than that of the others. His personal style of poetic understatement was, for this reviewer, best demonstrated in a landscape, *Stream*, done in tender greens and blues. (Alan, Feb. 14-Mar. 4.)—V.R.

Seymour Boardman: The image in the pencil and water-color drawings could have been built up in spiderweb, and in the paintings where this idea is developed Boardman is at his best. In *August 3*, the web has turned into dark, greenish veins in pearly marble. *July 18* has the same clotted, off-center shape in blues and greens of lower key, while the other pictures available for review were more narrowly concerned with pure color. These seemed as harsh as the other, more recent works were poetic and translucent, and the rawness was especially noticeable in works where he had laid a tile-like arrangement of yellow squares on underlying purple, green and pink forms. (Radich, Mar. 7-Apr. 1.)—V.R.

Paul Mommer: In his first major exhibition of works since 1951, this well-known artist shows a selection of paintings, drawings and sculpture. Despite the abstract quality of many of these works there remains still a strong visionary and romantic feeling. This is best seen in the portraits, which are sympathetic, vigorous studies of friends and fellow painters. In their low-keyed palette, the portraits are somber and heavily textured, achieving a kind of static monumentality. *Turbulence*, a large abstraction in blues, blacks and whites, has striking vigor. The sculpture is done in stone and painted clay, the latter unfired, and the modeling is such that the effect is unfortunately rather doughlike. *The King*, an impressive and massive-looking head, seems to draw its inspiration from Assyrian sculpture. (Two Explorers, Mar. 6-25.)—H.D.M.

Jules Olitski: A huge, black canvas with warm, hard-edged ovoids knocking around near the bottom constitutes the artist's present style, and it is pushed past tedious extremes. Individually, paintings like this would be more impressive—but that has been pointed out over and over. Olitski's painting obviously stresses simplicity, and the flexibly suggestive circles, used concentrically, joined, or isolated, offer surprising variety. One of two using noncircular shapes, *Game*, joins the two loose ovals with an amorphous blob and pleasantly recalls Matisse's sensuously classical women. In most of the others a less pleasing image comes to mind, like an Art Nouveau cover for a biology book. (Poindexter, Apr. 10-29.)—L.S.

David Fredenthal: A memorial exhibition for the artist who committed suicide in Italy in 1958 includes a number of representative water colors and sketches made on the location for the filming of *The Pride and the Passion*. A huge water color of Times Square is hopelessly overdone in the amount of excited detail and quasi-allegorical allusion. His landscapes are no less angularized but are far more selective. He could not quite fuse his taste for abstract rhythms with his feel-

ing for naturalistic detail, just as in the sketch of Sophia Loren his sense of classical draftsmanship founders on the details of her sex appeal. His artistic ambitions were at odds with his illustrative gifts, which the few sketches do not adequately convey. But they show the extent to which he sought an expressionistic synthesis in his serious work. (Milch, Mar. 20-Apr. 8.)—S.T.

Richard Smith: There's probably some good reason why, of all the Americans, Rothko has gripped the young English painters by the throat—whatever it is, they certainly seem not only to be building something over there, but sending it right back here, to Newcastle so to speak. Smith is presently working in New York, but it appears that he had already developed his approach before leaving home. It is admittedly unfair to mention influences that could probably be denied; just the same, grub as you will through the mental files, it's hard to come up with anything else for a totally orange canvas with small green rhomboids running across the top and part of the two sides. On the other hand, *Reylon*, which one felt to be his best painting, did seem to speak of this city, with its ground of strident pink bearing a circular form divided into two semis—one near-crimson, the other orange—with part of a white, rectangular form emerging over the top. He passes easily as another young painter of the contemporary American school, who is obviously trying to add something but isn't really doing so yet—to this eye. (Green, Apr. 4-29.)—V.R.

Timothy Hennessy: It is best to try to forget the "catalogue" as one crashes into critical low gear down this Gadarene slope; it records nothing but a staggeringly irrelevant conversation between the artist and John Bernard Myers held in the garden of the Contessa Cais de Pierlas, Venice, in 1960, and it would nauseate even the most rarified sensibility. The paintings are geometrical arrangements that start, in most cases, with the stitching of a piece of cloth of contrasting color and texture in the middle of the canvas. Hennessy then applies his design thinly with a roller. Sometimes the central panel is circular, sometimes triangular, and stripes are often laid down or across the painting, their severity relieved with a gentle spatter of white or black paint. One composition of circular shapes on a black and white striped satiny material had a momentary fascination because, from a distance, it looked like a blown-up photograph. On the largest work he has painted a repeating pattern of gray circles, each of which contains spokes, and with the addition of white spatter he achieves an archaic look that could resemble crumbling Renaissance masonry. (De Nagy, Feb. 28-Mar. 25.)—V.R.

Joel Goldblatt: "Blue and green" is the theme—green leaves against blue sky—and after a while it grows on you. Though the pigment is uniformly thin and ably applied, the technique varies considerably; in one, the foliage is suspended rather arbitrarily and fuzzily against the blue, while in others the plants are placed in pots and set in a defined space, and these were, to this eye, vastly superior. In *Blue Window II* dark leaves loom against a blue-black panel, which occupied the left and larger part of the background, and one notices how skillfully the stalks are suggested in the glass pot. The leaves on the right of the bunch sparkle against a pale blue sky—this is quite an enviable painting in which Goldblatt has gotten the most miles out of his idea. Two landscapes of trees, with a river and hills behind, were in a more conventional color range and had a misty fragility. (Peridot, Mar. 20-Apr. 15.)—V.R.

Richard Sargent: With almost Pre-Raphaelite care, and in intense and romantic blue, green

and orange, Sargent makes nonobjective paintings of air and fire, arousing in us dreams of other universes. He draws the same flickering shapes in black chalk, where they become mangrove roots. One felt that the greatest merit of his painting lay in its ability to transport the onlooker involuntarily—this places it near entertainment, to which, generally speaking, art could stand being placed a lot nearer. However, two or three pictures which dealt with a different, though not unrelated image, stand out in retrospect: these were less meticulous and consisted of conglomerations of small, spherical forms, mainly in yellows, purple and blue, which formed nodular moon landscapes under a dark sky. A sooty chalk drawing was connected with these, and all together they seemed to indicate a more original path worthy of pursuit. (Nonagon, Mar. 24-Apr. 19.)—V.R.

Michel Rodde: A member of the School of Paris, Rodde brings a comparatively light touch to this glossy system of painting, and the familiar spiky black contours are less in evidence than usual. He is most competent at still lifes, which are moderately well grouped in good strong colors. A picture of a boy and girl beside a park bench suggests that he is more interested in color than drawing, while the landscapes of Brittany and scenes of Siena, though superficially pleasing, have tonal discrepancies that dispel the illusion of space and recession. These irritations are less prominent in the study of a construction site at Lyons, and one of a suspension bridge over the Rhône, in both of which the drawing is forceful without being intrusive and the gamut of light greens and grays fresh and gleaming. (Findlay, Apr. 10-30.)—V.R.

Lee Mullican: The color particles of Mullican's previous and somewhat cosmic style have fused and brought forth life—of a sort. For the figure substitute the *personnage*, the undifferentiated type capable of end'ess mutation and anatomical peculiarity. Mullican's *personnages* seem merely robotic in some instances, their locomotion geared to shaftlike connections. Some normal contours—even a face—emerge, but one woman seems to have at least three bosoms. Several of the smaller works are stained with a film of warm color, but a rambling black silhouette is the technique generally pursued, with white linear embossing building up repetitive contours and "details." A climax is reached in four huge works where the forms grow by compulsive addition rather than conception. A core of overlapping triangles in a central clearing is like light breaking through old-master heavens in *Ascension*, framed in dark shadow-play. *Labyrinth* swarms with white-laced details that leave one free to improvise one's own subject. This is doodling on a grand scale, despite a conscious pictorial end, and the substance is still a shadow of its real self. (Willard, Apr. 4-29.)—S.T.

Berthommé-St-André: It was still what the French call *la belle époque* when the artist was born in 1905. Now Chief Professor at the Académie Julian in Paris, he seems not to have forgotten what Roger Shattuck has called "the banquet years." His models are done up in whalebone corsets or relax in period *deshabille*. Then there are days in the country, rambles along the Seine and perhaps a visit to the seashore. His painting style is solid and respectable. The color never reaches the right note of effulgence perhaps because the taint of *scandale* is absent. His period pieces have the anachronistic torpor of a movie reconstruction, while his modern settings, simply massed, are merely patient. (Juster, Feb. 20-Mar. 11.)—S.T.

Henry Varnum Poor: In today's speculative market, the artistic tree that doesn't become a forest overnight is regarded as a weed. But Poor has been cultivating his own garden all these

years as painter, muralist and ceramist. If in his first show of paintings in eight years his new work affords any surprises, it is because we come to it fresh from our own insular obliviousness to anything that does not make noise. Poor is in his seventies and like many strong men has a gentleness that is almost sweet at times. He prefers a light, chalky palette and generally does not provide his forms with the force that would carry on the scale in which they operate. His landscapes lack precision, but he paints beautifully nuanced skies and modestly avoids any hysterics over nature. It is his matter-of-factness that is at once appealing and limiting. But in one canvas everything pulls together, and the result is a stunner. *Ann in the Studio*, a full-length portrait of his artist-daughter, has a magnetic warmth and unity. With her pale-yellow blouse, red cap and slightly cocked head trapping light in a beautifully soft way, she shares the space rather than is dominated by it. The painting reminds one of the works of Pietro Longhi, just as a small, brusquely painted landscape, another beautiful painting, is Corot-Derain. (Rehn, Mar. 27-Apr. 22.)—S.T.

Karl Knaths: Knaths' trademark of black-stick lines, like Feininger's, only much more heavy and irregular, drawing out conservatively abstracted subjects, has become quite familiar and changed very little. The new paintings seem a little more open than before, and the human figure appears often, although it is just a hint of a figure sketched in over the interiors and not yet completely at home there. In two of the straight still lifes, *Sunday Paper* and *Lilacs*, we are allowed a better view into the essentials of the composition, the seemingly casual but subtle and knowing application of the colors. This is quietly present in all the paintings, but it usually takes a long time to see through the linear crutch-work. (Rosenberg, Feb. 6-Mar. 4.)—L.S.

Allen Tucker: A large memorial show comprising about thirty oils is a tribute to this distinguished teacher and lecturer who was closely associated with the Art Students League as vice-president in 1894 and then as lecturer and instructor till 1928. Tucker, who began his career as an architect, helped organize the Armory Show and was a friend of many of the important figures in the art world at that time. The works on exhibit are not all dated, but they show a development from an early Impressionist technique toward a more personal and vigorous handling of color and form. His subjects range from *Torchlight Parade* and the *Ballet* (both early works) to landscapes and New York scenes. *City Street* typifies the charm of an older New York. The large, strongly designed *Lady on a Terrace*, with its seated figure set against a moving pattern of clouds and shrubs, shows a debt to Van Gogh. Tucker, who died in 1939, is represented in the Whitney and Brooklyn Museums and was given a memorial show at the former in 1939. (Milch, Apr. 10-29.)—H.D.M.

William Sola: *Summer Evening* is the most important as well as the most recent painting in this show by a thirty-two-year-old artist who, after having exhibited in Los Angeles, Provincetown and Southampton, now makes his New York debut. His interest in the theme of people, and more specifically the family, dates back to 1958. The earliest paintings shown, of that year, are flat and decorative; the figures are doll-like, the color light and brittle, the style almost affectedly primitive. In *Summer Evening* the development is clear: the handling of space becomes easier; texture, an important element for this painter, becomes part of a harmonious whole; and, while he continues to use an almost hieratic arrangement, the figures become more individual. Among the



Henry Varnum Poor, *Ann in the Studio*; at Rehn Gallery.



Karl Knaths, *Sunday Paper*; at Rosenberg Galleries.



Allen Tucker, *City Street*; at Milch Gallery.



William Sola, *Summer Evening*; at Gallery East Uptown.

IN THE GALLERIES

paintings on other themes *Lilacs* is notable—a small, subtle study of flowers, against wallpaper, that is a minor triumph. (Gallery East, Feb. 22-Mar. 18.)—H.D.M.

Bernard Langlais: This must be one of the few beneficiaries of two Fulbrights to have taken them both in Norway. It is impossible to tell what influence he may have absorbed from this experience, though there must have been every opportunity to explore the uses of wood—which Langlais has done, but in a curiously limited way. The earlier constructions are composed of small, ridged squares of wood, arranged in a basket-like way. These are painted in dark red or reddish green, and, in one, a strip of white streaks from top to bottom. There are a couple of panels painted reddish brown that are pocked with holes and circular incisions, and too closely resemble an uncared-for tabletop. More recently, Langlais has been concerned with jolted clusters of what look like children's wood blocks; they are usually painted and mounted on a plaque of contrasting color—light blue on dark, for example. In *Behind the Barn* he switches to log sections of various diameters, packed within a frame. Although there are some elements of interest here, especially when the medium is left in its natural state, there is a strong feeling of being among last year's best-sellers, now remaindered. (Castelli, Mar. 21-Apr. 8.)—V.R.

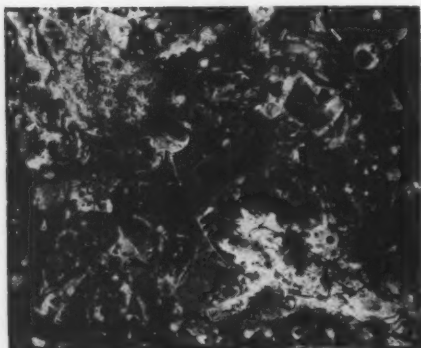
Alfonso Ossorio: Schmaltz on this scale, of this intensity and with this confidence intimates only apparent vulgarity and actual profundity. But second thoughts of this kind are mistaken; it is just that these paintings verging on reliefs are so ugly that they are *something*. What? Ossorio has embedded a rich collection of shells, bones, both bare and gold-plated, belts, rope, wood, feathers, mirrors, artificial eyes and starfish in a viscous plastic, clear or colored, with or without sand and gravel. The color and surface come straight from Masson and Pollock. Ossorio variegates the red-blue-yellow scheme so much as to nearly cancel it and obscures the continuous and equivalent surface with the gaudy shellwork. And although he does have some formal ability, this cannot support the collection either. One of the simpler and smaller paintings is *Upper and Nether*, which is diagonally bilateral—several works repeat objects on either hand. A short central band flowers at either corner in rings, eyes and other baubles. The other two corners, staring upward, flow toward one another. (Parsons, Feb. 20-Mar. 11.)—D.J.

Stan Freborg: The prolific flowering in both painting and sculptural combines deserves more credit than the weight of any one of these pieces. *Nude on the Beach* exemplifies well enough the dozen paintings. It is a happy blue and pink abstraction, with enough simplicity and "West Coast" broadness to allow a figure to be read in where none is really stated. The combined leftovers that make up the sculpture are rather economically used, with each component retaining most of its own identity. This results in some witty pieces, like the block-headed *Soldier* with a rusty circle-saw shield and a driftwood gun, or the rocking, spring-mounted *Stabile Musician*. (Grand Central Moderns, Mar. 25-Apr. 15.)—L.S.

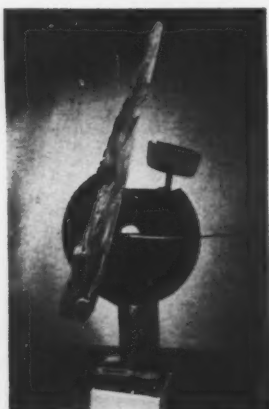
James Russell, Robert Reid: Heaven knows what business a constructioneer has with reading *Finnegan's Wake*, let alone illustrating themes from it, but this is indeed Russell's motif. Most of the constructions concern Joyce's one-hundred-letter words, and consist of found wood and metal objects arranged within small frames. They are well designed in a conventional way. Reid shows distinct talent in the way he applies strips of material to the canvas to indicate the directions of his forms, which he then smudges with tinted grays, and varnishes over-all. *Wynoka* is a bunch



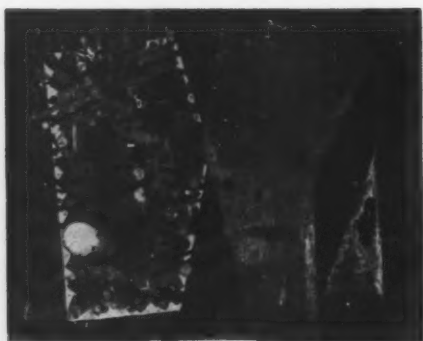
Bernard Langlais, *Totem*;
at Castelli Gallery.



Alfonso Ossorio, *Upper and Nether*;
at Betty Parsons Gallery.



Stan Freborg, *Soldier*;
at Grand Central Moderns.



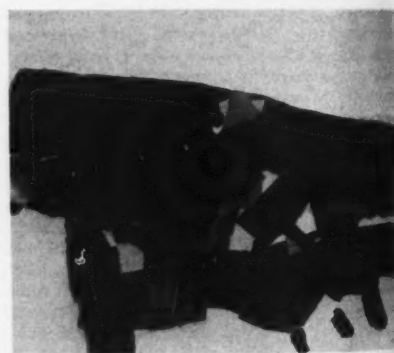
James Russell, *Finnegan's Wake No. 38*;
at James Gallery.



Charles Shaw, *Sentinel*;
at Landry Gallery.



Jack Bookbinder, *Rooftops, City Hall*;
at Nessler Gallery.



Perle Fine, *Guardian*;
at Graham Gallery.



William Morehouse, *May's End*;
at Bolles Gallery.

of vertical strips over a central group of rectangular patches; the color is umber and gray with tinges of blue. He has genuine good taste. (James, Mar. 3-Apr. 20.)—V.R.

Berne Potter: *Chromatic Quartet* is an apartment-house view of four variously illuminated skylights that are a quartet only numerically. Presumably the title is meant to emphasize the abstract aspect, but it illustrates the whole embellished convention of the artist's style. Her problem is that she is uncertain as to the extent to which subject matter should be exposed. Sometimes it evades her over-all patterns; at other times Mrs. Potter simply hurries past it. There are four large folding screens that are difficult to follow because of a bizarre mixture of signs and masses that are, by turns, over- and under-painted. A small study—*Chalk Blossoms*—uses a lot of white to flatten out negative space, but here at least subject and idea share a common visual footing and project the most comprehensible ground plan in the group. (Meltzer, Apr. 18-May 6.)—S.T.

Charles Shaw: After thirty years of abstraction, Shaw's painting has become almost irreducible coarse geometry, similar in composition to Franz Kline's, but with all the snappy excitement and paint quality removed. Instead of these things, which tend to make Kline's work more accessible somehow, Shaw offers an unnaturally high-keyed flat color pattern (like lemon yellow, intense green and white) that makes the character of most of the paintings extremely harsh, almost silently furious. In *Edge of Winter* the tension (and the highly personal attitude) eases momentarily into a little movement, but the ease is unusual and uncomfortable. Paintings as austere as this present a high cliff to the observer, and he will start climbing only if there is a deceptively friendly incline to follow, or, in rare cases, if the reported view is so glorious that he will get out the pitons and ice ax and go to work. Shaw's mountain is not that high, there is no path, and it is hard to imagine the work receiving even the limited recognition it deserves. (Landry, Apr. 4-24.)—L.S.

Jack Bookbinder: The art director of the Philadelphia public schools and winner of numerous prizes in Philadelphia art societies shows oils that are careful and realistic renderings of city buildings, painted in soft, warm colors that are not devoid of poetry. Poignant but never sweet, there is a languid feeling in the air and light that bathes these paintings. One of the best is *Rooftops, City Hall*. (Nessler, Apr. 24-May 13.)—H.D.M.

Perle Fine: Using rarely more than two-thirds of the canvas, Miss Fine lays slabs of black, pink, dark green and blue against each other with grace and rhythm. These tranquil abstractions are faultless—they have an unaccountable Japanese flavor to them, or rather an aura—and insofar as they seem merely statements about color and design, are a pleasurable experience. (Graham, Mar. 14-Apr. 8.)—V.R.

William Morehouse: This show of a young painter working in San Francisco is the first one of an Eastern adjunct to the Bolles Gallery of that city. The gallery, affiliated with an architectural concern, intends to develop a fraternal affection between art and architecture. Morehouse uses several means and styles to smash and re-form the landscapes which he paints well but not unusually. A quick perspective of receding fields, from Van Gogh, is often partitioned, tilted or boxed in, somewhat in Hultberg's manner. The color and value are abruptly changed from plane to plane, Cubist-fashion. The rough and varied brushwork and warm and dissonant color come from Abstract Expressionism. Despite this list and some

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IN THE GALLERIES



John Opper, *Untitled*;
at Stable Gallery.



Anthony Fry, *Dancing Figures I*;
at Durlacher Gallery.



Jacob Landau, *Excelsior*;
at Cober Gallery.



Hans Hofmann, *String Quartet*;
at Kootz Gallery.

routine paintings there are elements which are interesting. *May's End* has the greatest concentration of these: the strong contrast between the red and orange planes, vivid to the point of evanescence, and a cold, dark-gray hillside streaked with black, solid and objective (the comparison is simultaneously color to color and substance to substance); and the speed, breadth and complexity of the handling. (Bolles, Mar. 15-Apr. 15.)—D.J.

John Opper: Desires change quickly; this year Opper is complicating a style he achieved last year. "In last year's nest there are no birds this year." The previous paintings had two or three purposely awkward shapes in nearly equivalent colors, a debt to Rothko. The shapes were peculiar and the work fairly confident. Opper is indecisive in this show. In some of the paintings the horizontal bands suggest landscape and the trapezoidal patterns seem to conform to the lay of the land. In other works the scheme is one of reciprocal crenelation as in Paul Feeley's recent paintings. In one painting, large, as all are, two interlocking colors, gray and warm Venetian red, form a broad rectangle before narrow gray edges. The riblike shapes are somewhat hesitantly and self-consciously done, as is the whole painting. The most assured work is a complex horizontal sequence of viridian, dark cobalt blue, brown and a purplish umber. (Stable, Mar. 13-Apr. 1.)—D.J.

Anthony Fry: England has its "insider" in young Fry, who is showing in New York for the first time. An "insider" is an angry young man who believes in togetherness—but not in a middle-class living room. Fry's figures are all "humanists" without portfolio, drowning their disenfranchisement in a dance in full view of nature at various hours of the day. Light merely falls on these scenes as through a theatrical "gel" tinting the actors blue, bleak, and red. The color has little to do with the figures structurally, figures which are blurred to a point just this side of dissolution. Their frenzy does not go deep; indeed, it may have a light side. But the placelessness of the visual settings is about commensurate with the reality of the figures. In so broad an environment only the paint—which is deftly turned—is real. (Durlacher, Mar. 28-Apr. 22.)—S.T.

Jacob Landau: Landau is an instructor at the Pratt Institute, so it is not remarkable that this large collection of paintings, charcoal drawings, water colors and woodcuts should appear both competent and confident. They are in fact suave renderings of agony. In *Excelsior* he collects a heap of naked, gesturing creatures in attitudes of suffering, and this of course immediately evokes Belsen. One marvels, meanwhile, at his bold charcoal contours and the dextrous disposition of tone to describe emaciation, etc. An ink drawing, *The Quick and the Dead*, is just as skillful—the four nude figures carrying a fifth on their shoulders are one of many examples of his ability to group shapes cunningly in space. But his deep concern for humanity arouses the most profound misgivings, and the craftsmanship does not mitigate such an unconvincing gush of emotion. We are being called upon to pity the poor people, to get with the human condition from the depths of a comfortable armchair as it were. And is there any way of heading off this word "symbiosis" which has just appeared in the title orbit? (Cober, Feb. 7-Mar. 4.)—V.R.

Hans Hofmann: The fifteen paintings are all from 1960, and the diversity of method—great diversity by contemporary standards—continues. There is one black-and-white, and the rest are divided between broadly brushed compositions (*Tourbillon*), hard-line geometry (*String Quartet*), and splashed Action Painting (*Aquatic Garden*). Such opposed elements do conflict at times when

they meet on the same canvas. In *Goliath*, the stern rectangles seem far out in front of the washed ground and not too well integrated with it. On the other hand, the texture and drip techniques, which were at one time so startling that they distracted attention away from the composition, now seem to be used and viewed in a completely natural way. At first, in fact, they pass almost unnoticed, indicating how unimportant they are to the essence of the painting. The important part that never passes notice with Hofmann is, of course, the color. It is the heart of each painting and the most lasting memory of the show. Every work, even the most Impressionistic, projects an intense, mellow power. The range of colors, like the diversity of the compositions, seems to be the creation of a smiling, open-armed giant, radiating a beautifully whole life-force comparable only to Matisse. (Kootz, Mar. 7-25.)—L.S.

Yasuhide Kobashi: The aspects of a sculpture should be as changeable as clothing, according to Kobashi. He wants each of his works to be capable of a nearly infinite variation accomplished by the viewer himself. The nature of these temporary compositions will be limited only by Kobashi's humor and cheerfulness, both definite but neither especially profound, and by the partial cause of that lightness, his disavowal of interest in the shapes of the constituent parts, mostly popular Noguchi forms, well made nevertheless. The scheme of construction in each piece is most important. Kobashi hopes they will be enlarged in an architectural setting. The several ideas are very clever; they obviously serve a distinct pleasure. One work is a six-by-six-foot wooden frame, neatly carpentered, in which there hang white terracotta spheres, cones, fruit and spindle shapes, all adjustable in height, being arranged on a nylon cord in counterbalancing pairs. Another is a medium-size box suspended from the ceiling. A cluster of vertical dowels can be raised or lowered simultaneously with a crank or independently in the fashion of the first piece. The whole show is fun. (Stone, Mar. 1-25.)—D.J.

Lois Dodd: In this first show since her return from Italy last year as a Fulbright fellow, Lois Dodd seems to have refined and sharpened her style. The easy, laconic brushwork is at its best when she deals with what appears to be her favorite subject, animals. The three pictures called *Yellow Cows*, *Blue Cows* and *Sheep under a Tree* are admirable in their precise spotting of clear, unblemished color and the nonchalant and very effective handling of space and light. A heavier, almost stonelike monumentality is seen in *Sheep*, where the pyramided forms and restrained tonalities give the appearance of a pediment from an ancient temple. The earth-colored studies called *Termac*, and the large *Hillside*, where the drama is in the skyline of cypresses, seem to promise rather than fulfill as landscape statements. The *Rhinoceros*, observed in a sea of green, glares at but does not frighten the observer. (Tanager, Apr. 7-27.)—H.D.M.

W. Lee Savage: The painting, and often the composition, of these oils is handled very much in the manner of the Diebenkorn group, but still the works are individual and different from each other. The three portraits are broad, casual and "healthy," as is the singing, head-on still life, *Round Table on a Cinder Block*. The composition in these four is close to the West Coast use of subject matter, and all are moderately successful. *Picture* shows a huge soldier in the foreground, back to the viewer, looking at a nude woman. It is the oddest one in the show—imagine a painting begun by Ben Shahn and finished by Diebenkorn. The best painting is *Fraulein with Child*. The slim nude lies extended diagonally on a warm red bed with the child far down in the lower right

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gaging her ankle. The painting is straight and strong and rich, with no hint of the slickness that creeps into the others. Considering the diversity and the probable popular appeal of this work, it is an impressive first show by a new painter. (Kraemer, Mar. 27-Apr. 15.)—L.S.

André Masson: The years 1924 to 1960 form the span of time covered here; the span of quality is as great. Many of these oils, temperas and inks are frivolous and mediocre. These apparently occur at any time in Masson's career. Perhaps a comprehensive exhibition would establish coherent developments and interspersed declines. In this show trivial works closely bracket such a first-class example as *Printemps Indien*, a tempera done in 1942. This is the type in which loose, concentric bands and enclosed images, in red, blue and yellow, lie within a dark field, in this case a dry, rich brown. The forms sweep up the canvas in one of the several manifestations of motion Masson has used, some of which are evident here. This important interest is apparent from the beginning. Two recent oil-and-sand paintings, one tan and violet in distinct areas, while short of *Printemps Indien*, are among the better pieces. (Saidenberg, Feb. 14-Mar. 25.)—D.J.

Gillian Jagger: Light is not merely a formal agent of dissolution in these predominantly white paintings. It displaces substance all but entirely and becomes in turn the principal actor. For a vessel to contain it, Miss Jagger has supplied shadows of structure and ghostly blushes of color. There is a vague protrusion of planes in *Holding*, and the space is amphitheatrical, like a mountain setting. In *Mute Echo* a triangulated plain with grayish canals stretches away into fathomless distances. The latter is the only painting in which white functions as a color and a personally shaded emotive factor. The others suggest ideas carried out in varying degrees of impersonal curiosity, though certainly ideas can be intense. But the essential monochrome is a veil. Miss Jagger is thirty and English-born. She has been living in the United States since 1938. (White, Apr. 18-May 6.)—S.T.

Eduard Bargheer, Werner Gilles, Werner Mayer-Gunther: All three of these painters have filial relation to the prominent and elder Europeans, although they are hardly that young. Mayer-Gunther, the youngest, is forty-four. The most developed of his three disparate oils is a Synthetic Cubist one. The definite sienna and vermilion of the background are incorporated into the strictly built black, white, red and green partitions of a table with still life. Several of Bargheer's water colors were done in North Africa and so have an additional resemblance to the ones Klee painted there. *Terrassierte Gärten* is a residual landscape of green and less purple, blue and red in circles, triangles and trapezoids stacked up the paper to an edge of sky. These are lively; some smaller ones are pallid. Gilles is the least interesting. *Monte Epomeo* is a Picassoid landscape of stripes and outlined fields. *Komposition*, a water color, is a mild Kandinsky. (Tannenbaum, Mar. 27-Apr. 30.)—D.J.

Denny Winters: The atavistic symbols of Miss Winters' nonfigurative paintings are, in their way, virtually self-evident, or at least explicit to the same degree that the subject matter of her semi-abstract works is not. The primitivistic idea is by now a commonplace; a garden party, which was the point of departure in a more traditional work, is not. The latter work was also harder to make out, there being a complicated pattern to contend with and a discontinuous, refracted sort of space set in rather pinched colors. *Atavistic*, *Primitive Abstraction* and *Dream Fragments* were particular, and the fading away of the space back-

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pictures suggest abandoned cities perched on mountain tops. In *Forms near White City* he releases into fatter, freer shapes and creates a squat, compact image that might augur a new and interesting departure. (Morris, Mar. 22–Apr. 12.)—V.R.

George Preston: Of the works present for preview, the Cuban landscapes showed promise. Preston's color is mostly very intense and handled quite well, particularly in *New Sky*, where he combines a scarlet and cerise sky above a black and purple ground, on which there are decorative leaf shapes in green and orange. In *Matanzas*—a seascape with black mountains behind—he approaches his subject in a more contemplative way, using cooler and more oily paint. From these few examples it would seem that he has an ability to convey a strong sense of place. (Duo, Apr. 9–28.)—V.R.

Monohan Samant: Low sharp ridges delineate Samant's forms, and archaically rich rubbed-oil textures, sometimes in shallow relief, fill them in. In the move from Bombay to Paris a culture's worth of influences seems to have been absorbed; the big encrusted surfaces owe something to DuSoy, and the flat symbolic shapes owe a lot to Miro. These two aspects, however, are also the paintings' strong points. The great number of large paintings, done with such overpowering material gusto, must have taken a considerable amount of conviction. (World House, Feb. 14–Mar. 4.)—L.S.

Hassel Smith: These paintings are of a standard type which was formed by many persons from certain of Hofmann's and Gorky's paintings, ones thinly painted in which rectangular divisions articulated sporadic brushwork or imagery. The formation and characteristics of such styles are curious and would be worth study. One common element is the availability of a style's skeleton. Smith has found the bones of this one easy to see and easy to re-create. There is little invention, and the color and space are meager. But as with most standard things the work is approximately agreeable. *C 1960* is characteristic: it is quartered and the resulting four planes are differentiated with elements which tend to reorganize across the dividing lines. White runs in over a black wash in one corner, another is tan, a third is mainly unpainted canvas, and the fourth is a light blue nearly concealing a dark. (Emmerich, Feb. 14–Mar. 11.)—D.J.

Chi Kwan Chen: A flawless sense of design counteracted by the delicacy and subtle surface effects that one associates with traditional Chinese ink paintings is present in the water colors in this exhibition. This Chinese-born painter and architect has taught architectural design at M.I.T. of unpainted and worked with Gropius and I. M. Pei. He is now head of the architecture department of Tung Hai University in Taiwan. The fourteen long narrow panels, some just under six feet, are luminous in color and decoratively abstract in design. *A View of Venice Harbor* is flicked with lively bits of color; *San Marco* as seen through a haze of pigeons is an original version of a much-painted subject, and handled in a more traditional manner is the subdued water color called *Gorges*. (Mi Chou, Mar. 28–Apr. 22.)—H.D.M.

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April 18 - May 18

HELLA MORAVEC

April 18-May 4

VAN DIEMEN - LILIENFELD

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IN THE GALLERIES

swirls for eyes. The execution is always loose and suave, and the colors are really professional—but what a philosophy! (Bertha Schaefer, Apr. 10-29.)—L.S.

Josephine Burns: A large body of paintings and pastels have been attacked with a clarity of mind that makes each work a refreshingly complete statement. They are fairly light in tone and dazzling in color. Mrs. Burns has confidence based on sound drawing, which has enabled her to concentrate on design and color relationships, though it does occasionally lure her into including too many objects in some of the still lifes. In case this sounds prosaic, it must be emphasized that these are joyous paintings—interiors are bathed in light, the variations in a red brick house seen through a window are subtle. But this viewer's vote went to a simple, solidly constructed self-portrait in oil, and to a seated male figure in a hat, and a New Hampshire landscape, both in pastel. The pastels, by the way, were more freely executed, and *Casement Window*, a rapid study of objects grouped on a sill and placed at the bottom of the paper, had considerable dash. (Hicks Street, Apr. 23-May 12.)—V.R.

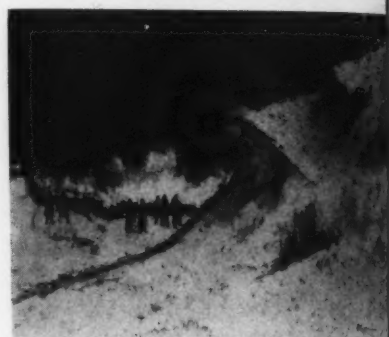
Sol Wilson: It is astonishing that so few painters want to do anything about New York and its weather, varying as it does from mists that amputate the top stories of the buildings to Alpine sunlight. (True, its sunsets can themselves look like paintings that even the Paris Salon would have considered corny.) An artist of long standing, Wilson is one of the very few who do celebrate weather, both in this city and in New England, chiefly when it is black and moist. *Fall and Sky and Dunes* seemed to embody his very best qualities: the first is a very small jewel-box composed of silvery roofs packed at the bottom of the picture and flecked with bright color. Above them, a gray sky prepares to burst. The second, and largest in the exhibition, is a majestic study of white dunes, beyond which figures can be seen, and behind them a wave crumps on the beach, tossing up its spray against a leaden sea and sky. For his followers and for newcomers of a romantic disposition, these paintings will be a rewarding experience. (Babcock, Mar. 28-Apr. 15.)—V.R.

Caspar Henselmann: The way Henselmann has abstracted his subjects results in an interesting and very common contradiction. It leaves the figures recognizable as humans, but obscures rather than clarifies their "important" relationships: *The Judgment of Paris* is subtitled *Homage to De Kooning*, and the *Pietà*, in spite of the drooping figures and black paint, is brisk and urban. This is the other half of the contradiction. While the subjects are all lost, the artist's feeling for society and artistic form is found and expressed. The compositions are all strong. The earlier ones are more subtle, with an exceptionally wide range of technique, and the color has little flashes of casual brilliance. Henselmann also shows a dozen competent pieces of sculpture in metal and wood. (Rice, Apr. 2-28.)—L.S.

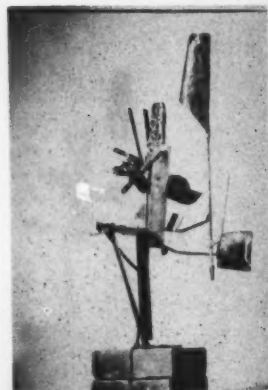
Aaron Kuriloff: One important thing about Kuriloff's paintings is that they are among the few being done which disregard the antithesis of geometric and Expressionistic painting or the distinctions between earlier styles. This recent disinterest is salutary. Of the aspects of his realignment of forms it is the light, bright and dissonant color which is most convincing—pink, viridians and yellow, or pink, ultramarine blue and cadmium red medium. Only the color, although also conceived systematically, seems free from the systematic approach. The symmetrical layout, often central rectangles with diagonals in the outer corners, is somewhat adventitious, and



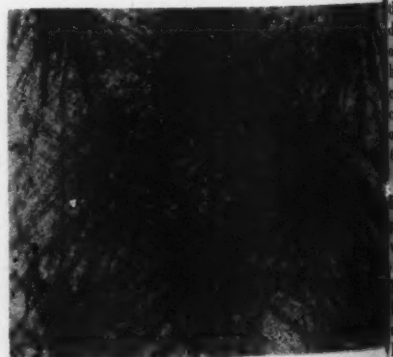
Josephine Burns, *Male Figure*; at Hicks Street Gallery.



Sol Wilson, *Sky and Dunes* at Babcock Gallery.



Henselmann, *Banner Carrier*; at Rice Gallery.



Aaron Kuriloff, *No. 5, 1964* at Gallery Maye

the spray of paint extending from the equally symmetrical points around the edges is even more so. The parts need to be more closely joined; the process of making any one of these works is too obvious, and the consequent surface is insufficiently dense and complex. *No. 5*, for example, probably began as a layer of light-orange impasto. A square of unprimed and wrinkled canvas was placed in the center, and six small ones were applied around the edges. Maroon paint flung from a brush superimposed an approximate diamond on the central square. Each of the six small squares radiates ultramarine, which enforces the diamond. (Mayer, Feb. 14-Mar. 4.)—D.J.

Norbert Kricke: We cannot count ourselves among the welcoming committee for this German sculptor who has—apparently—a reputation abroad. His statement is terribly thin, if not obvious. It is sculpture partly because it is an object in our path. For the most part his forms suggest a wheeling flock of birds—we are told he raises carrier pigeons and is a former pilot—linked at the wings. There are, then, movements in space which are complemented by the shattered edges of thrusting planes that are constructed with differing lengths of steel rod welded together with silver. They describe a jagged, crisscross plan in three dimensions. Their opposed trajectories never enter each other's orbit where they produce the kind of tension that would force a risk-taking decision. Nor are the pieces "open." They merely repudiate gravity. Each moving passage is, in fact, an isolated monolith blurred, so to speak, by its implied momentum. The works are in their way intensely naturalistic and correspondingly faulty in plastic form. Some drawings, early and recent, suggest sources in Hartung, and earlier pieces of twisted coils of painted wire are reminiscent of Uhlmann. The latter are self-sufficient fragments at least. (Penthouse, Museum of Modern Art, Mar. 2-Apr. 2.)—S.T.

Don David: A former Hofmann student and one of the founders of this co-operative gallery shows a large group of oils done in the Abstract Expressionist style. Forceful and aggressive, these works use form and color in such a way that sometimes the results are haphazard. Several of the canvases are done in black and white and grays, and these are interesting compositions. They seem to be given over entirely to the investigation of space. David pushes flat, square shapes into the corners and then seems to blast them together in such a way as to give them an almost three-dimensional quality. On exhibit too are a group of gouaches and drawings that function as notes to the larger works; even without this link the drawings show facility and charm. (Camino, Mar. 31-Apr. 20.)—H.D.M.

Alfred Wunderwald: A kind of disillusioned timidity, combined with a single-minded determination to conclude whatever is attempted, makes this work as European as painting can be these days. The German-Swiss artist works with three or four different themes, not imitating but resembling Hartung, Dubuffet and others. Each is conservatively limited to its own picture, and completed with brittle sophistication. The titles of two of the best are HAS/063 and RUN/060. (Angeleski, Apr. 17-May 6.)—L.S.

Oliver Lunden: These are pleasant and competent water colors; both adjectives disapprove as well as approve. The objection is that the Cubism of these shore scenes and landscapes, mainly from Marin and Klee, is now old and thin. On the other hand, the color, composition and texture are considered. *Double Moon*, slightly above the steady level in intensity, is dark, in blues and grays with some pink and a chartreuse; its trees and houses are cubed to near-indecipherability, with most

areas washed in but some blotted, reserved and scratched. (Contemporary Arts, Apr. 3-24.)—D.J.

Sushil Mukherjee: The cultural-exchange program has brought this Indian artist to teach at the Stockbridge School in Massachusetts. There is a related worldliness of outlook in his style with its mixture of Expressionism and Post-Cubist aesthetics. But he does not get all of his intensity out. The water colors of nudes and villages strain at their outlines; an oil painting is tightly woven into a flat figurative design whose dull pallor is unappealing. (Collectors, Apr. 3-22.)—S.T.

Van Day Truex: In these wash drawings made on the scene in Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain and France, Truex softens a preliminary ink outline with inlays of wash. Occasional touches of color help considerably in warming up these faithful, observant panoramas from which people are absent. They are factual and exploit nothing that is picturesque. Truex commendably insists that the drawings do the work with the subject, but he might experiment with more middle tints or bolder contrasts to relieve a certain monotony of tone and the restricting mandate of line. (Carstairs, Mar. 27-Apr. 22.)—S.T.

Charles Sibley: These are serene and smoothly painted landscapes by the head of the art department at William and Mary College and winner of a landscape award in the 1952 National Academy of Design exhibition. Using grayed colors, he paints houses and fields, keeping details to a minimum and working in broad, flat areas of tone. The effect is soothing and gentle. In *Hilltown* he plays with a wider range of colors so that the result is almost vibrant. The show includes water colors and drawings which were not available for preview. (Nessler, Apr. 3-22.)—H.D.M.

Aaronel Gruber: Like many abstractionist painters, Miss Gruber seeks to qualify the freedom of the "act" by inventing allusive motifs. It helps to qualify the changes in style even though it reflects an absence of visual concentration and the distractions of history. One gets then a *City Jungle*, a *Limbo* and *Summer Splendor*. The titles convey the visual material—the first a shattered pattern, the second a featureless white on white "inscape," the third a yellow blanket. Miss Gruber is serious but hasn't found herself. (Monede, Apr. 4-22.)—S.T.

Robert Casul: These are original and very haunting little pictures, made by soaking rice paper in glue, and applying it as a wrinkled relief to thicker paper, with smoky blue, purple or green water-color washed over the whole thing. Very often the shape seems like a turbulent sea, though all these beautifully made collages are pervaded by a feeling of desolation and windsweptness that is enhanced by the subdued and poetic sense of color. (Hicks Street, Apr. 2-21.)—V.R.

Michael Loew: A weedy Impressionism restates the central square in variable relation to its encompassing border. The paintings are dull, especially in their ceaseless grasswork. A sign of disinterest is the recurrent cropping of the lower right corner of the square. As for color, *Hot Orange* (and red) projects; its border is adjusted in its recession by white, Naples yellow and gray. *February 1961* is an inset square of gray, blue and viridian, streaked by red, and enclosed by a variously tinged white. (Stable, Apr. 3-22.)—D.J.

Ben Taub, Maurice Goldstein: Exhibiting won't make primitives out of amateurs. Taub's inhabited landscapes are eccentric in design but muddy and uncertain. Goldstein paints land-

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IN THE GALLERIES

scapes that are acidulous and inept. His ungainly sculpture barely struggles to its feet. (Kottler, Mar. 27-Apr. 8.)—S.T.

Alfred van Loen: The water colors of Mexican landscapes are quite charming in their fresh colors, but except for a sketch of a man smoking a cigar, the works including figures are less inspired. (Sudamericana, Feb. 27-Mar. 11.)—V.R.

George Luks: These are a group of drawings that are a pleasure and a delight, from the hands of a humorist and artist. Pencil and charcoal studies of people observed going about the affairs of daily life are done with an economy of line that coexists with artistic observation. Not least among the works are the several water colors, a deep-washed, vibrant *Street Scene and Cathedral*. (A.C.A., Feb. 27-Mar. 18.)—H.D.M.

Gérard Altmann: A Parisian, Altmann was born in 1923 and is having his first one-man show in the United States. He paints a stylized landscape with a Villonesque treatment of surface facets. His palette is earthy and simplified. He handles detail better than surface organization, where the naturalistic contours are usually inconsistent with the interior patterns. The pictures are somberly picturesque, and a gouache of a French village has a fluid simplicity. (Monede, Mar. 7-25.)—S.T.

Antonio Lago: In a retrospective that spans ten years, the pictures range from an early primitive landscape in strong colors, through some geometrical abstractions, up to the present nonobjective style of cloudy shapes in soft pinks, umbers, grays and ocher. A gouache or two in this manner, together with one striking ink drawing of boats on a lake, complete a not too memorable experience. (Royal S. Marks, Mar. 8-Apr. 1.)—V.R.

Lolla Hill: If one could reverse the abstracted landscapes like a motion picture, the forms would leap back to their original picturesqueness. The new schemes are no less so, modernized only by the formularized emphasis on liquefied shape and color. These are landscapes and canyons done up in windswept formations of pale tonal masses that solve the problem of where they belong in pictorial space by fusing together in a single atmospheric film. (Juster, Mar. 13-Apr. 1.)—S.T.

Maurice Sievan: These pictures would make good altarpieces for diabolical rites. Most of them are large and covered with dark masses of smeared greens and browns, lighted up now and then by a flash of pale blue light. *Mantsus* is a suggestion of a figure filling the canvas; it glares in a luminous green against a dark ground. The somewhat dirty quality of the thin paint, if anything, accentuates the feeling of gloomy magic. (Landry, Feb. 6-28.)—V.R.

Steven A. Barbash: Escaping into the life of these windy landscapes, executed in laboriously textured intaglio, could almost convince us that Wagner is still storming. The majority are worked in tangled detail near the center and left romantically "unfinished" near the edge—something of a drawn-out nineteenth-century version of action-etching. Barbash also shows ten abstract oils, much simpler than the etchings, but with exactly the same spirit. (Barone, Mar. 21-Apr. 15.)—L.S.

Lynne Drexler: Taken separately, these abstractions made an airy, pleasantly floral impression, but in bulk they had a somewhat migrainous effect. Miss Drexler composes precisely with her multicolored speckles, and in each work explores various combinations—red-green, red-orange, yellow-green—all in a fairly high key. She is also skillful at getting her masses of dabs to cohere, but one found oneself admiring her industry rather than her inspiration. (Tanager, Feb. 3-23.)—V.R.

Paulo Tommasi: It is said that the pipe dream of architects is to have a whole city to build; this Italian designer realizes the dream in small paintings of buildings. Though painted from Dutch and Italian scenes, they all resemble Gothic marquees, with roofs pointed against dark skies and are predominantly golden in color. The technique is fiddly, with here and there tiny lozenges of bright red and blue let into the enamel-like texture. But the over-all impression of tiny doll houses is very pleasing. (Bianchini, Apr. 11-May 1.)—V.R.

Erwin Wending: Wending paints energetically in a fairly representational way, that is, he has considerable command of his bright, brisk colors but uses it mainly to obscure his forms rather than to describe them—his rather clumsy flower pieces demonstrate this. But when composing figures and groups, he displays a feeling for space and form and succeeds in bathing the pictures with a flickering light, making them his most successful works. (Bodley, Apr. 17-29.)—V.R.

Reuther: Horses and riders, bullfights and religious themes are boldly simplified—"oversimplified" is perhaps more accurate—by a young German artist who lives in Paris. Reuther squeezes the density of mass into flat, thickly scumbled near-silhouettes that are richly colored. Reuther would be lyrical, but his frigidity with detail, especially the tendency of all extremities to end in points, forces him to seek outlets in texture and color. A small triptych of the Crucifixion has some ascetic power. (Selected Artists, Apr. 25-May 6.)—S.T.

Romare Bearden: Vestigial blooms and blushes of color steal over these pictures, making them the quietest and the palest, and so dry in texture as to cause the tongue to cleave to the roof of the mouth. They were too exquisite for this taste—one canvas, apparently unprimed, had barely submitted to a vapor of gray—but they had something, just as cool jazz has something, in a cerebral way. The largest consisted of a passage of pale blue winding from top to bottom between diaphanous curtains of white. Beside the other it seemed almost voluble, and had a remote kind of beauty. (Cordier-Warren, Apr. 6-25.)—V.R.

Bea Card Kettlewood: Miss Kettlewood's new work includes several water colors which have a natural spontaneity that resembles haste when she is working in oil. The stylization she is given in the latter turns into clear and vivid shorthand—expressively colored, under her water-color brush, *Kennebunkport*, a coastal scene in water color, is bright, efficient and clearheaded. In oil, she rubs her conclusions. (Artzt, Mar. 31-Apr. 12.)—S.T.

Chucho Reyes: These are delightfully decorative studies of animals done by a Mexican artist. Using gouache on rice paper, he splashes and colors—pinks, oranges, greens and gold—with a kind of assured abandon so that the works have a gaiety and bounce that seem to trumpet out a fiesta. (Sudamericana, Apr. 1-15.)—H.D.M.

Stella Duff: Some of the flower pieces in very bright colors put on with a knife are all right, and so are the still lifes in thinner paint and quieter range. However, Miss Duff runs into trouble when she tries to combine the two styles, painting the main body of a still life, for example, in the thin, rather Cézannesque manner, then applying arbitrary passages of impasto on just the fruit. (Explorer, Apr. 4-22.)—V.R.

Emily Mason: Sketches in mixed oil and pastel develop a large asymmetrical mass in low-key color, and are quite well handled, though Mason seems at ease only when she is working in pinks and grays. Of the five paintings, a series of pink and gray illuminated by dabs of cerulean

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Trygvadottir: These paintings are large, bold-colored abstractions; broken squares of color are placed on a monotonously textured background that is worked with a palette knife in such a way that it resembles stripped bark. The smaller works shown, collages and oils, are less strident in color and more pleasing. (Rose Fried, Mar. 14-Apr. 15.)—H.D.M.

Daf Olofsson: These water colors and ink drawings by a world traveler do not pound away at being more than what they are—diligent realistic studies done on location. The artist is better in black and white, and the study of Santa Maria Zabengo in Venice pointedly amplifies his technique with its fussy, Baroque surfaces. (Madison, Feb. 25-Mar. 10.)—S.T.

Harry Crowley: The range of grays seems to come most naturally to this painter, for he does not appear able to pull off the works involving more vivid colors. His abstractions are generally rather dry and granular in texture and cloudy in form while the landscapes tend to be flat and greasy. There is also one cloth-and-paint collage whose form and texture relate to the nonobjective paintings. (Salpeter, Apr. 10-29.)—V.R.

Norio Azuma, Minoru Saito: Two more Japanese painters attempting the road west employ the Abstract Expressionist map as a guide. Azuma uses broad gusts of paint as if they were the ruins of ideographs and sticks the inevitable sun-moon in there. His color, which yearns for home, is appealing. Saito paints thick, heavy roadblocks in black and white which are more open in their assault on Oriental design but correspondingly lacking in personality. (Art Directions, Feb. 25-Mar. 10.)—S.T.

Joan Clark, Peter Becker: Miss Clark formed the sole painting leg of this show, since the other contributor decided to exhibit only photographs. Her five paintings were in five separate styles, suggesting that she is not yet ready to show. (Duo, Mar. 19-Apr. 7.)—V.R.

Eleanor Maurice: These landscapes and the painter's other innocent subjects all have a light, strong structure and a great deal of maturity; the maturity has meant especially "no tricks," and therefore a little blankness, but it is all quiet and very pleasing. (Highgate, Apr. 5-25.) . . .

Yarnall: The best quality in these small bronzes of the circus is the unpretentious plainness with which the melancholy ideas are presented, but wonder, after noticing the careless handling of the medium, if it isn't due as much to lack of concentration as to intent. (Pietrantonio, Apr. 23-May 20.) . . . **Fred Messersmith:** The artist's special technique of painting on rice paper with casein comes out essentially like good old water color, and produces some good light-gray views of dunes, sea and bridge; nine oils are also exhibited, unfortunately. (Barzansky, Apr. 3-15.)—L.S.

Leslie Fliegl: Fliegl continues to be enraptured by scumbled oil color and rich glazes which camouflage the inept drawing of his crowded compositions; it may be a question of his medium, however, for a water color of children in paper-maché masks gets by with such "technical" assistance. (Eggleston, Apr. 17-29.) . . . **Anne Brubeck:** The abstract paintings with a Cubist format show a lot of work and thought; Miss Brubeck works most securely in a strong design matrix; the more figurative works are over-schematic and banal. (Artzt, Apr. 19-May 1.) . . .

Gordon Aymar: These water-color portraits, mostly of children, are probably pleasing like-

nesses to their owners; but as paintings they have the antiseptic design quality of some *Time* magazine cover portraits. (Portraits, Inc., Mar. 1-18.) . . .

Adele Seronde: The artist tries to leave something of nature behind in her abstractions; the architecture in *Tuscany Landscape* gives some backbone to a composition of many-sized rectangles in pale color. (Art Directions, Mar. 11-24.) . . . **Viggo Holm Madsen:** Semiabstract patterns, eccentric fantasy and textural variation are appropriated by this artist to create a modernistic vision. (Panoras, Apr. 10-22.) . . . **Alice Rosenfeld:** Still lifes, figures in interiors and architectural patterns are searched for basic patterns which are demarcated with flat color. (Panoras, Apr. 24-May 6.) . . . **Evelyn Goldenson Glick:** Studio pieces and landscapes show a struggle with paint and color, complicated by the artist's rushing the simplifying process. (Eggleston, Apr. 3-15.) . . . **Annick du Charmé:** Appearing to be unrestrained, these scrawny painted abstractions are inhibited in movement, color and organization. (Phoenix, Mar. 31-Apr. 20.) . . . **Francis Celentano:** The figures in these orgiastically painted oils are inundated by rushing paint which frequently leaves behind only the signs of the struggle. (Phoenix, Mar. 10-30.)—S.T.

James Coggin: A North Carolinian having his second one-man show at this gallery proves in these oils that he is a colorist; *Fall-Winter No. 5*, in which his Abstract Expressionist mannerism is most successfully realized, is composed of broad, sweeping areas of orange and sienna with a fillop of vermilion on one side equalized on the other by a smear of brilliant green. (Carmel, Mar. 10-29.) . . . **Blanche McSorley:** These are non-objective oils and drawings by a former Levi student; floating, dissolving, thinly painted, they have titles like *April Day*, *Summer Afternoon*, etc.; *White World* is vague in structuring but is a signpost toward a more personal mood. (Aegis, Apr. 7-May 4.) . . . **J. Goya Lukich:** Active in a number of fields, this Spanish-Ukrainian artist is now completing a Master of Arts degree in mathematics; his paintings and sketches in this show, done in the nonobjective style, reflect his boundless energy. (Brata, Feb. 17-Mar. 9.) . . .

Earl Krentzin: In this large show of small sculptures by a Detroit-born artist, the pieces at first glance look like contemporary folk art, but then the satirical intent becomes apparent; using cast silver and occasionally a seashell, Krentzin makes boats, airplanes and monsters complete with sails, struts and horns. (G Gallery, Feb. 21-Mar. 11.) . . . **Louis Glaser:** This is a first showing in New York of a St. Louis artist who paints clouds; one of the canvases could be details for illustrations in a primer. (Kottler, Apr. 10-22.) . . .

Sam and Nat Warshaw: Two brothers join in showing uninspired realistic landscapes and figures, the latter recognizable as character models from school life-classes; there is one exception, the violently colored self-portrait by Nat Warshaw. (Kottler, Apr. 10-22.) . . . **Zipora Shmaya:** A Polish-born artist who visited the United States on an Israeli scholarship shows twelve oils; the sharply defined shapes in these abstract arrangements of tan, black and gray owe their inspiration to the figure. (Sherman, Apr. 24-May 8.) . . .

Max Low: A retired business executive now in his seventies shows work that has a good deal of naïveté and even more imagination; he paints the red-brick façades and the more Victorian-type buildings of New York, transforming them by a painstaking wealth of ornamental detail into personal fantasies. (Sherman, Apr. 8-22.) . . . **Katherine Nash, David Newman, Fred Powell:** Three sculptors show disparate works in various media; Newman uses repetitious interlocking forms for his compact-appearing abstract bronzes, Powell has one thin theme which he repeats in highly polished woods, and Nash displays welded pieces that seem point-

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WHERE TO SHOW

National

Atlantic City, N. J.: First Annual Atlantic City On-the-Broadwalk Art Show, May 13-14. Open to all artists and students from accredited schools. All media except crafts. Jury. Prizes (\$1,000 total), and grand prize of a trip to Europe. Write: Mrs. Jinx E. Harris, Dir., Atlantic City On-the-Broadwalk Art Show, 201A N. Wilson Ave., Margate City, N. J.

Boston, Mass.: Boston Printmakers 14th Annual Print Exhibition, Museum of Fine Arts, Oct. 3-29. Open to all artists. All print media. Jury. Prizes. Fee for nonmembers: \$3. Entry cards and work due Sept. 1. Write: Mrs. S. M. Rantz, Secy., 299 High Rock St., Needham 92, Mass.

10th Annual Boston Arts Festival, Public Garden, June 9-25. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Work due Apr. 26. Write: Boston Arts Festival, 31 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Brighton, Mass.: Henri Studio Gallery Monthly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. All media. Prize: one-man show. Fee: \$5. Write: Secretary, Henri Studio Gallery, 1247 Commonwealth Ave., Brighton, Mass.

Douglaston, N. Y.: Art League of Long Island 1961 National Spring Exhibition, May 7-20. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, graphics, small sculpture and ceramics. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5. Entry cards and work due Apr. 15. Write: Louise Gibala, c/o Art League of Long Island, 44-21 Douglaston Pkwy., Douglaston 63, N. Y.

New York, N. Y.: American Artists Professional League Annual Grand National Exhibition, from Apr. 23. Open to members and other artists. All media, no abstract works. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Write: Walter Brightwell, Extn. Chmn., 33 W. 67th St., New York, N. Y.

City Center Gallery Monthly Juried Shows, City Center of Music and Drama. Open to all artists. Medium: oil, Apr. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Write: Mrs. Ruth Yates, City Center of Music and Drama, 58 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Gallery Arkep Annual Drawing Competition, June 5-30. Open to all artists. All drawing media. Jury. Winner given a one-man drawing show. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due May 15. Write: E. B. Savage, Dir., Gallery Arkep, 171 West 29th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Madison Gallery Quarterly Juried Shows. Open to all artists. Media: painting, sculpture, graphics. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$5. Write: Madison Gallery, 600 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Salon of the Fifty States, Ligoa Duncan Galerie, continuous monthly shows. Open to all artists residing in the U. S. All painting media. Jury. Winning entries shown in Paris. Fee: \$5 for one, \$8 for two works. Size limit 32 by 24 inches. Work due the 25th of month. Write: Ligoa Duncan Galerie, 215 E. 82nd St., New York 28, N. Y.

Olivet, Mich.: Olivet College May Arts Festival Annual National Exhibition of Fine Arts, Apr. 30-May 17. Open to all U. S. artists. All print media except monotypes. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards and work due Apr. 15. Write: R. Callner, Art Dept., Olivet College, Olivet, Mich.

Orkney Springs, Va.: Orkney Springs Art Festival, June-Sept. Open to all artists. All media. Prizes. Fee: \$1 per entry. Applications due May 15, work due June

1-10. Write: R. M. Wick, Acting Secy., Orkney Springs Art Festival, Route 2, Woodstock, Va.

Providence, R. I.: Third Annual Rhode Island Arts Festival, on the Mall, May 21-31. Open to all artists. All media. Jury. Prizes. Applications due May 1. Write: Rhode Island Arts Festival, Box 421, Providence, R. I.

San Francisco, Cal.: California Society of Etchers' 46th Annual Print Exhibition, Achenbach Foundation for Graphic Arts, May 13-June 11. Open to all U. S. artists. All graphics media except monotypes. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards due Apr. 10, work due Apr. 15. Write: Dennis Beall, Chairman, California Society of Etchers, 700 Goettingen St., San Francisco 24, Cal.

St. Louis, Mo.: 4th Annual Old Testament Art Competition, Men's Club of Temple Israel, May 9-19. Open to all U. S. artists. All painting media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$6, limit 2 entries. Work due May 3-5. Write: Marvin Harwood, 5017 Washington Ave., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Sonora, Cal.: Mother Lode Art Association 9th Annual Exhibition, June 25-July 8. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 for two works. Entry cards and work due June 15-17. Write: Mrs. Gustav Dambacher, 220 W. Church Lane, Sonora, Cal.

Springfield, Mass.: Springfield Art League Annual Spring Jury Exhibition, Museum of Fine Arts, May 28-June 25. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, pastel, gouache, prints, drawings, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 for nonmembers. Entry cards and work due May 16. Write: Muriel T. LaCasse, 463 Sunrise Terr., Springfield, Mass.

Tulsa, Okla.: National Competition of American Indian Painting and Sculpture, Philbrook Art Center, May 2-31. Open to all artists of North American Indian or Eskimo descent. Media: painting, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Work due Apr. 8. Write: Philbrook Art Center, 2727 S. Rookford, Tulsa, Okla.

Washington, D. C.: The Miniature Painters, Sculptors and Gravers Society 28th Annual Exhibition, National Collection of Fine Arts, May 7-28. Open to all artists. All Media. Size limit 8 by 10 inches. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Apr. 28. Write: Mary E. King, 1518 28th St. N. W., Washington 7, D. C.

Youngstown, Ohio: 26th Annual Mid Year Show, The Butler Institute of American Art, July 2-Sept. 4. Open to U. S. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due from May 1 to June 4. Write: Sec'y., The Butler Institute of American Art, 521 Wick Ave., Youngstown, Ohio.

Regional

Asheville, N. C.: Manor Gallery Regional Monthly Exhibitions. Open to artists within 100 miles of Asheville. Media: painting, drawing, graphics, ceramics. Jury. Work due first Saturday of month. Write: Bartlett Tracy, The Manor Gallery, Asheville, N. C.

Athens, Ohio: Ohio University 16th Biennial Ohio Valley Oil and Water Color Exhibition, School of Painting and Allied Arts, July 1-31. Open to artists of Ohio, W. Va., Pa., Ill., Ind. and Ky. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50. Entry cards due June 1, work due May 15-June 10. Write: Frederick D. Leach, School of Painting and Allied Arts, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

Barnegat Light, N. J.: 4th Annual Art Exhibition, June 24-Sept. 4. Open to artists of Conn., Del., N. J., N. Y. and Pa. Media: oil, water color, graphics. No fee. Work due June 1. Write: Sidney Rothman, c/o James E. Mack and Sons, 258 S. 15th St., Philadelphia 2, Pa.

Beaumont, Tex.: Beaumont Art Museum 10th Annual Exhibition, May 14-June 4. Open to artists of Tex., La., Miss. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, prints, drawing, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers. Entry cards due Apr. 26, work due Apr. 28. Write: Mrs. S. W. Scurlock, Beaumont Art Museum, 2675 Gulf St., Beaumont, Tex.

Brooklyn, N. Y.: 3rd Annual Sunday Painters Competition, Brooklyn Arts Gallery, June 3-10. Open to all artists in New York and outlying areas. Media: oil, water color, mixed, casein, small sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee \$3, limit 2 entries, 24" x 30". Entry cards due May 14, work due May 21-27. Write: Sylvia Dwyer, Dir., Brooklyn Arts Gallery, 141 Montague St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

Cincinnati, Ohio: Third Interior Valley Competition, Contemporary Arts Center, May 20-Aug. 10. Open to artists of Ind., Ill., Ky., Mo., Ohio, Pa. and W. Va. Media: oil, sculpture, drawing. Only work completed since Jan. 1, 1959, is eligible. Jury. Prizes. No Fee. Entry cards due Apr. 1, work due Apr. 7. Write: Interior Valley Competition, Contemporary Art Center, Eden Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Clinton, N. J.: Hunterdon County Art Center 10th State-wide Exhibition, June 4-July 5. Open to all New Jersey artists. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Work due May 14. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Old Stone Mill, Center St., Clinton, N. J.

Kansas City, Mo.: 11th Annual Mid-American Exhibition, Nelson Gallery of Art, May 4-June 4. Open to Midwestern U. S. artists. Media: oil, water color, print, sculpture, mixed. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Apr. 1-15. Write: Mrs. Cecil Carstenson, 4525 Oak Kansas City 11, Mo.

New Canaan, Conn.: 12th Annual New England Exhibit of Painting and Sculpture, Silvermine Guild of Artists, June 18-July 16. Open to artists of Conn., Mass., N. H., N. Y., N. J., Pa., R. I. and Vt. All painting and sculpture media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5.00. Work due May 27 and 28. Write: Mrs. Ethel Margolis, Silvermine Guild of Artists, New Canaan, Conn.

Peoria, Ill.: Peoria Art Center 10th Annual Illinois Valley Exhibition of Painting, Apr. 30-May 23. Open to artists within a 100 mile radius of Peoria. All painting media. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per entry, limit 2 works. Entry cards and work due Apr. 23. Write: Mrs. Donald Beste, Art Center, Glen Oak Pavilion, Peoria, Ill.

New York, N. Y.: Mississippi Artists Exhibition, Burr Galleries, Sept. 24-Oct. 7. Open to all past and present Miss. Residents. All media. Jury. Prizes. Work due Sept. 1. Write: Patricia Bott, Burr Galleries, 115 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Toledo, Ohio: 43rd Annual Toledo Area Art Exhibition, Toledo Museum of Art, May 7-28. Open to present or former residents of Ohio. Media: painting, drawing, sculpture, crafts. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Entry cards and work due Apr. 13. Write: Mrs. Joe Am Coussino, 3717 Indian Rd., Toledo 6, Ohio.

West Long Branch, N. J.: Monmouth College Fine Arts Festival Exhibition, Apr. 22-May 13. Open to artists residing within fifty miles of West Long Branch. Media: oil, water color, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 first entry, \$2 others (limit 3). Entry cards due Mar. 29, work due Apr. 8. Write: Harold H. Alexander, Fine Arts Dept., Monmouth College, West Long Branch, N. J.

White Plains, N. Y.: Hudson Valley Art Association 33rd Annual Exhibition, Westchester County Center, Apr. 30-May 7. Open to all artists working in counties bordering the Hudson River. Media: oil, water color, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee. Entry cards due Apr. 25 only. Write: Mrs. Hildegard Stadelman, Park Lane, White Plains, N. Y.

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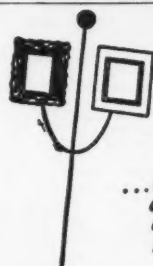
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IN THE GALLERIES

continued from page 65

lessly tortured and encrusted. (Seligmann, Feb. 11-22.) . . . **Maria Helena Andres:** A first show in this country of a Brazilian artist, these twenty-five pastels are mostly black and white, with sometimes a touch of color; they are cold, formalized exercises of tonal mass, facile and rather empty. (Sudamericana, Apr. 17-29.) . . . **Alexander Dobkin, Philip Reisman, Elizabeth Olds:** This three-man show of oils is a varied and somewhat conventional display of skills. Reisman uses crisp local color and a slick, assured technique for his portraits of places rendered in a Social Realist manner; Dobkin seems inspired by Bacon without the Surrealist overtones, painting fragments, half-figures, two heads, in a semi-Romantic fashion; Olds, in distilling emotion from her semiabstract studies, has not replaced it with much else, except in *Seagulls*, a deceptively simple arrangement in pale greens and grayed pinks. (A.C.A., Feb. 27-Mar. 18.)—H.D.M.

CLASSICS

continued from page 17

ing and exploring in this book, and so is the author. He is very successful in reversing the usual system, which presents us the author's own theory and argues away the other theories briefly. Here instead, after examining them all, we find the author's own approach at the end moving and persuasive. The book was written to be printed in German, and shows various awkwardnesses in translation and in the management of materials. Once he refers to "my book to be published in 1959" and later to the same book "to be published in 1960" (like this one). It hasn't yet appeared. A different kind of doubt arises when he says near the end that Gothic changed from Romanesque because of the "new conviction that the believer is only a fragment, absolutely dependent on a higher being." Are we to deduce the notion that for the Romanesque, the believer was independent of a higher being? (It's the kind of perky question the author often asks.) But we see what he means, and the book with its crotchiness is so wise, so full of knowledge and reaction to knowledge, a sense of the relation of ideas, that things like this are not disturbing.

Naturally, being essentially German, it is very full of Dürer and Goethe, those almost untranslatable heroes. The superb keenness of Goethe at twenty-two does appear, though, and we would like not less of him but merely more of others. For instance: the idea that the pointed-arch nave derives from forests appears first around 1510 and then in the seventeenth century, before becoming a Romantic cliché. The appreciation of Gothic ruins begins with English antiquaries in the seventeenth century. (The excellent index is useful here.) He does not seem to know the line in a Shakespeare sonnet of the 1590's, speaking of leafless trees as "bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." Yet it is pleasant that he did in fact say English medievalism began with Shakespeare—right in general, though missing a detail—and he helps us see the richness of Shakespeare's image, mixing these two notions and others. He could also have cited Milton's "storied windows richly dight, filled with a dim religious light," but his history of the feeling about stained glass and about darkness in churches is less full. Yet from the Gothic writers themselves (interested in technique mostly, a little in symbolism, not in style) to the great analysts of the nineteenth century like Schnaase whom we feed on but do not remember, he is full of people thinking and sparkling. A lovely book to read slowly over a series of evenings.

Creighton Gilbert

ROANOKE, VA.
 FINE ARTS CENTER, to Apr. 16: William Pachner Retrospective
ROCKFORD, ILL.
 ROCKFORD COLLEGES, to Apr. 22: Herbert Pannier; Andre Owens; Apr. 23-May 26: George Waite
ROCKPORT, MASS.
 ART ASSOCIATION, from Apr. 9: Kitty Parsons; from Apr. 23: Marilyn Censor
ROME, ITALY
 GALLERIA D'ARTE, to Apr. 13: Herbert Apr. 14-27: Fulbright Students; Apr. 28-May 11: Broadhead; May 12-25: Goli
ROSSEL, N. M.
 MUSEUM AND ART CENTER, Apr.: Morris Graves; Prints from Yugoslavia; May: R. Gravey; Matthew Brady Photographs
SACRAMENTO, CAL.
 CROCKER ART GALLERY, to Apr. 23: California Crafts II; Apr. 2-23: Contemporary Indian Painting
ST. LOUIS, MO.
 CITY ART MUSEUM, to Apr. 15: Young America; from Apr. 5: Chiaroscuro Prints—16th to 18th Century
 FINE ARTS GALLERY, to Apr. 30: Indonesian Art; Apr. 7-30: 1961-California South
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 BOLLER GALLERY, Apr. 3-May 3: Jack Zajac, Masatoyo Kishi, Robert Carby; to Apr. 15: William Morehouse
 CALIFORNIA PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, Apr. 22-June 6: Maurice Prendergast
 DE YOUNG MUSEUM, to Apr. 11: Treasures from Woburn Abbey; Apr. 12-May 14: Society of Western Artists
 DILEXI GALLERY, Apr. 10-May 6: Jeremy Anderson; May 8-June 3: Horst Truelsen
 MUSEUM OF ART, to Apr. 23: Construction and Geometry in Painting; to Apr. 30: 80th Annual San Francisco Art Association Painting Exhibition
SAN JOSE, CAL.
 STATE COLLEGE, to Apr. 16: Carl Morris
SANTA BARBARA, CAL.
 MUSEUM OF ART, Apr. 11-May 7: Hans Burkhardt Retrospective
SANTA FE, N. M.
 MUSEUM OF NEW MEXICO, to Apr. 16: Rental Gallery Collection
SCRANTON, PA.
 EVERHART MUSEUM, Apr. 1-30: French Art Exhibition Posters
SEATTLE, WASH.
 ART MUSEUM, Apr. 6-30: Gandhara Sculpture; Larry Aldrich Collection; 19th Annual International Photographic Salon
 Oriental Art
 FRYE MUSEUM, Apr. 2-21: Folk Painters of the Canadian West; Apr. 23-May 14: Grandma Moses
 SELIGMAN GALLERY, Apr.: June Nye; Maria Frank Abrams
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
 SMITH ART MUSEUM, to Apr. 23: The Paintings; Apr. 2-23: Artists Guild of Springfield
SPRINGFIELD, MO.
 ART MUSEUM, to Apr. 16: Howard Garrison
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
 EVERSON MUSEUM OF ART, Apr. 22-May 28: Turist Painting; Flavor & Fragrance
TOLEDO, N. M.
 GALLERIA ESCONDIDA, Apr. 9-June 3: Group
TOLEDO, OHIO
 MUSEUM OF ART, to Apr. 16: Irish Architecture of the Georgian Period
TORONTO, CANADA
 ART GALLERY OF TORONTO, to Apr. 16: The Society of Artists; Apr. 14-May 14: Alfred Pellon; Apr. 28-May 28: Eric Bergman; Mar. 17-Apr. 16: Berthe Morisot
 ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM, Apr.: 21st Biennial of Canadian Ceramics
TULSA, OKLA.
 PHILBROOK ART CENTER, Apr. 4-30: 21st Oklahoma Artists Exhibition
UTICA, N. Y.
 MUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR-INSTITUTE, to Apr. 30: Philip Evergood; to May 13: Exotic Art—Ancient and Primitive
 UPPER BELVEDERE PALACE, mid Apr.-mid June: Paul Cezanne
WACO, TEX.
 BAYLOR UNIVERSITY, Apr. 9-30: 11th Annual Southwestern Exhibition of Prints
WASHINGTON, D. C.
 CORCORAN, Apr. 8-May 21: Albert Pinkham Ryder
 GALLERY OF THE OCTAGON, to Apr. 24: 4th Exhibition of Architectural Photographs
 NATIONAL GALLERY, Apr. 16-May 16: Averell Harriman Collection
 PHILIPS GALLERY, from Apr. 12: Vietnam
WIESSBADEN, GERMANY
 STADTISCHES MUSEUM, to June 10: Modern Yugoslav Art
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.
 CLARK ART INSTITUTE, Apr.: Italian Art from the 15th & 18th Centuries
 WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Apr. 18-May 10: Modern French Prints
WILMINGTON, DELA.
 DELAWARE ART CENTER, to Apr. 23:

Stiglitz Circle; Modern Graphic Arts; Apr. 2-24: Arshile Gorky; May 5-26: Alberto Giacometti

NEW YORK CITY

MUSEUMS:
BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), to Apr. 23: Masters of Contemporary Crafts; Mar. 22-May 14: Faculty Show; Mar. 22-May 28: Manfred Schwartz; Apr. 11-May 28: International Water Color Biennial
CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS (29 W. 53), Mar. 30-May 14: Modern Mosaics from Ravenna
COOPER UNION (Cooper Sq.), Mar. 24-June 16: The Four Continents; Mar. 11-June 16: Albrecht Durer, Engravings and Woodcuts
GUGGENHEIM (1071 5th at 88), through Apr. 16: Paintings from the Arensberg and Gallatin Collection of the Philadelphia Museum of Art; through May: Selections from the Museum's Collection
JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), to Apr. 11: 16th Century Textiles and Torah Ornaments
METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), Mar. 2-Apr. 9: Italian Drawings: Masterpieces of Five Centuries; through Apr. 30: Italian Prints from the Museum Collections; Mar. 2-Apr. 30: The Splendid Century: French Art 1600-1715
MODERN ART (11 W. 53), Mar. 1-May 8: Max Ernst; Mar. 29-May 21: Edward Steichen; Mar. 3-Apr. 2: Norbert Kricke
MORGAN LIBRARY (33 E. 36), Byron, Keats and Shelley
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN (1083 5th), Apr. 6-23: American Water Color Society
N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42), Mar. 1-Apr. 14: Shcherenko; Mar. 16-Oct. 15: The Seven Seas; Apr. 16-May 30: Fifty Books of the Year
PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), to May 8: Art Styles of the Papuan Gulf
RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr. at 103), Apr. 2-23: Henry A. Botkin; Rhys Caparn
STATION ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS & SCIENCES (75 Shuyvesant Pl.), Apr. 9-May 7: Edward Lamson Henry
WHITNEY (22 W. 54), Mar. 10-Apr. 23: A Sculpture by Herbert Ferber; Apr. 10-May 16: The Theater Collects American Art

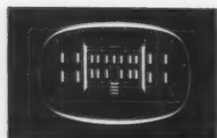
Galleries:
A. C. A. (63 E. 57), Mar. 20-Apr. 8: Benjamin; Apr. 10-29: Anton Refregier; Apr. 20-May 20: Daniel Dickerson
ACQUAVELLA (119 E. 57), Old and Modern Paintings
AEGIS (70 E. 12), Mar. 31-Apr. 28: Blanche MacSorley
ALAN (766 Mad. at 66), Mar. 27-Apr. 15: George L. K. Morris; Apr. 17-May 6: Paul Tompkins
ANDERSON (14 E. 69), Apr. 1-13: Peter Fankels, Robert Indiana
ANGELESKI (1044 Mad. at 79), Mar. 29-Apr. 15: Garellick; Apr. 17-May 6: Alfred Wunderwald
AREA (80 E. 10), Mar. 31-Apr. 20: Emily Mason; Apr. 21-May 11: Ruth Fortel
ANKER (171 W. 29), Apr. 1-27: Susan Lewis; Apr. 28-May 12: E. B. Savage
ART DIRECTIONS (600 Mad. at 56), Apr. 1-12: Miriam Haworth
ARTISTS' (853 Lex. at 64), Apr. 15-May 15: De Hirsch Margulies
ARTIST (142 W. 57), Mar. 31-Apr. 12: Bea Card Kettlewood; Apr. 7-18: R. De Lette, J. Williams; Apr. 13-24: Gallery Artists; Apr. 19-May 1: Anne Brubeck
ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS (605 5th), Pratt Graphic Arts Center and Associates
BARCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), Mar. 28-Apr. 15: Sol Wilson; Apr. 18-May 6: Norman Hartley
BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar. 21-Apr. 15: Steven A. Barbash; Apr. 21-Apr. 15: David Jacobs
BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Apr. 3-15: Fred Messersmith
BAYER (51 E. 80), Apr. 4-May 20: Katschka, drawings
BANCHINI (16 E. 78), Apr. 4-25: Paolo Tommasi
BLACK (1042 Mad. at 80), Mar. 23-Apr. 22: Bronze: Retrospective
BLEECKER ST. (144 Bleecker), Mar. 25-Apr. 15: Vivian De Pinna
BODLEY (223 E. 60), Mar. 27-Apr. 15: Victor Brauner; Apr. 17-29: Shirley Car-bollis (17 E. 84), Mar. 15-Apr. 15: Wil-liam Househouse
BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar. 28-Apr. 15: Leonard Baskin; Apr. 18-May 6: Richard Lytle
BRATA (56 3rd at 10), Mar. 31-Apr. 20: Peter Forakis
BROOKLYN ARTS (141 Montague St.), Apr. 13-May 6: 20th Century Image of Man
BROWN (115 W. 55), Apr. 9-22: Society of Animal Artists; Apr. 23-May 7: Gotham Painters

CAMINO (89 E. 10), Mar. 31-Apr. 20: Don David; Apr. 21-May 11: John Cu Roi
CARLBACH (1040 Mad. at 79), Mar. 27-Apr. 27: Grandpa Shalom
CARMEL (82 E. 10), Apr. 7-29: Gallery Group; Apr. 21-May 10: Frank Gunter
CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), Mar. 27-Apr. 22: Van Day Truex; Apr. 25-May 13: Beatrice Stein
CARUS (243 E. 82), Apr. 14-29: Shevet CASTELLANE (19 E. 76), Apr. 14-May 6: Large and Small
CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Apr. 11-29: Yves Klein
CHALETTE (1100 Mad. at 83), Apr.: Polish Painting Today
CHASE (31 E. 64), Apr. 3-15: Leonard Crea
CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF PAINTINGS (28 E. 72), New Acquisitions
COBER (14 E. 69), Apr. 11-29: Marcia Marcus; May 2-20: Bessie Boris
COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Apr. 3-22: Su-shil Mukherjee; Apr. 24-May 6: Maria Martorell
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY (Avery Hall), Mar. 20-Apr. 16: Jacques Fabert
CONTEMPORARIES (992 Mad. at 77), Mar. 27-Apr. 15: Richard Anuszkiewicz; Apr. 17-May 6: Jose de Creff
CONTEMPORARY ARTS (9 E. 71), Apr. 3-24: Einar Lunden
CORDIER & WARREN (978 Mad. at 76), Apr. 6-25: Bearden
CRESPI (1153 Mad. at 85), Contemporary Paintings and Sculpture
CRYSTAL (54 E. 58), Apr.: Marvin Chernay
D'ARCY (1091 Mad. at 83), Mar. 13-Apr. 12: The Magic of Ancient African Art; Apr. 18-May 13: Kurt Seligmann
DAVIS (231 E. 60), Apr. 10-29: Loan Show
DE AENLE (59 W. 53), Apr.: Elaine de Kooning, Eddie Johnson
DEITSCH (1018 Mad. at 79), Original Prints and Drawings
DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), through Apr.: Secrets of the Tomb—Pre-Inca Peru
DE NAGY (149 E. 72), Mar. 28-Apr. 29: Sherman Drexler
DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Mar. 15-Apr. 8: Alfred Duca; Apr. 11-May 6: Georgia O'Keeffe
DUNCAN (215 E. 82), Apr. 1-15: Helen Cushman; to Apr. 12: Pat Mellillo; Ho-Tit Wah, Elsie Ho; to Apr. 15: Lola Nucifora, Anita Oriental; to Apr. 28: Truman Bonifazi, Stella Scarano; to May 10: Eugene Fairbanks
DUO (42 E. 76), Apr. 9-28: George Preston; Apr. 30-May 19: Phoebe McKay, Luther Van
DULACHER (11 E. 57), Mar. 28-Apr. 22: Anthony Fry; Apr. 25-May 20: Gordon Russell
DUVEEN (18 E. 79), Apr.: Age of Louis XIV
EGAN (313 E. 79), to Apr. 15: Elias Goldberg
EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Apr. 3-15: Evelyn Goldenson Glick; Apr. 17-29: Leslie Fliegel
EKHNERICH (17 E. 64), Apr. 4-29: Ben Nicholson; May 2-20: Adja Yunkers
ESTE (965 a Mad. at 76), Apr.: Drawings of all periods
EXPLORER (145 E. 72), Apr. 4-22: Stella Duff
F.A.R. (746 Mad. at 65), Mar. 21-Apr. 8: Ben-Zion; Apr. 17-May 6: O. Mondart
FEINGARTEN (1018 Mad. at 79), Apr. 4-22: Martyli; Apr. 25-May 13: Douglas Snodgrass
FINCH COLLEGE (52 E. 78), Mar. 15-Apr. 16: Second Annual Exhibition
FINDLAY (11 E. 57), Apr. 10-30: Michel Rodde
FRIED (40 E. 68), Mar. 13-Apr. 8: Tryg-gvadottir
FRUMKIN (32 E. 57), Apr.: Philip Pearl-steine
FULTON (61 Fulton), Apr. 17-May 13: A. Ventura, H. Rogovin; S. Tillim
FURMAN (46 E. 80), Apr.: New Acquisi-tions: Pre-Columbian and African
GALLERY (200 E. 59), Apr. 4-22: Frank Gaudio
GALLERY EAST UPTOWN (755 Mad. at 65), Apr. 1-21: Living Established Artists
GERSON (41 E. 57), Apr. 4-29: Julius Schmidt
GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 79), Apr. 11-29: Architectural Ideas I & II—Norman Blum, Elaine de Kooning
J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 79), Mar. 16-Apr. 15: Guy Pene du Bois; Apr. 21-May 20: Romantic Painting
GRAND CENTRAL (40 Vanderbilt at 43), Apr. 4-15: John Pike; Apr. 18-29: Priscilla Roberts; Apr. 25-May 6: Richard Wagner
GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar. 25-Apr. 15: Stan Freborg; Apr. 18-May 6: Fred Conway
GREAT JONES (5 G. Jones), Mar. 20-Apr. 9: Howard Kanovitz, Marisol; Apr. 10-30: Robert Tannen
GREEN (15 W. 57), Apr. 4-29: Richard Smith
HAIN (611 Mad. at 58), Apr.: French Masters
HALL OF ART (534 Mad. at 54), Apr. 1-30: Contemporary American and Europeans
HAMMER (51 E. 57), Mar. 22-Apr. 8:

Fechin
HARTERT (22 E. 58), Apr.: American and French
HELLER (63 E. 57), Apr. 11-May 21: Don Berry, Eva Hesse, Harold Jacobs
HERBERT (14 E. 69), Apr. 3-29: Pamela Bianca
HERZL INSTITUTE (515 Park at 60), Mar. 21-Apr. 11: Annette Daphna
HICKS ST. (48 Hicks), Apr. 2-21: Robert Casul; Apr. 23-May 12: Josephine Burns
HIGHGATE (827 3rd at 51), Apr. 5-25: Ellie Maurice; Apr. 26-May 16: Leonard Kersl, Malory, Ubbaus
HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67th), Apr. 1-29: Contemporary Group
HORN (843 Lex. at 64), Mar. 27-Apr. 29: Lilli Gettinger
INTERNATIONAL ART (55 W. 56), Apr. 15-25: Group; Apr. 23-May 7: Carol Fried-man
INTERNATIONALE (1095 Mad. at 82), Apr. 8-22: Muriel Livingston, Irving Manoir; Apr. 23-May 6: Wasigina
IOLAS (123 E. 55), Mar. 20-Apr. 15: Vic-tor Brauner; Apr. 17-May 13: Leon Kelly, Landesman, Echevarria
ISAACSON (22 E. 66), Apr. 4-29: Alvin Rass
JACKSON (32 E. 69), Apr. 12-May 6: Louise Nevelson
JAMES (70 E. 12), Mar. 31-Apr. 20: James Russell, Robert Reid; Apr. 21-May 11: Robert Lohtan
JANIS (15 E. 57), Apr. 10-May 6: Robert Motherwell
JUDSON (239 Thompson St.), Mar. 13-Apr. 10: John Hoppe
JUSTER (154 E. 79), Apr. 3-22: Easter Exhibition
KENNEDY (13 E. 58), Mar. 27-Apr. 26: Edward Seago
KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Mar. 28-Apr. 22: Mary Collier
KOOTZ (655 Mad. at 60), Mar. 28-Apr. 15: Cavallon
KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Apr. 10-22: Louis Glaser; Samuel Warshaw, Nat Warshaw
KRASNER (1061 Mad. at 81), Mar. 27-Apr. 15: Lee Savage; Apr. 17-May 6: Arnold Blanch
KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Mar. 28-Apr. 15: James Penney; Apr. 17-May 13: John Koch
LANDRY (712 5th at 56), Apr. 4-24: Charles Shaw
LATOW (13 E. 63), Apr. 4-28: Leo Rabkin
LEFFEBRE (47 E. 77), Apr. 11-May 6: Norbert Kricke
LOEB (12 E. 57), Mar. 1-Apr. 15: Bernard Dufour; Apr. 17-May 15: Lam, Lansky, Dufour, Art, Muller, Max Ernst
MADISON (600 Mad. at 56), Apr. 1-12: Robert Appel, David Tarinach
MARKS (21 E. 66), Apr. 7-May 6: Modern Masters
MATISSE (41 E. 57), Apr.: Loren Mac Iver
MAYER (762 Mad. at 65), Apr. 4-22: Maurice Golubov
MELTZER (38 W. 57), Apr. 18-May 6: Berne Potter
MI CHOU (801 Mad. at 67), Mar. 28-Apr. 22: Chi-Kwan Chen
MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Mar. 21-Apr. 15: Zoltan Sepeshey; Apr. 18-May 13: Water Colors
MILCH (21 E. 67), Apr. 10-29: Allen Tucker
MONDE (929 Mad. at 74), Apr. 4-22: Aaronel Gruber; Apr. 24-May 6: Group
MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Mar. 22-Apr. 12: Morton Birkin; Apr. 14-29: Group
NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy Pl.), Apr. 4-21: Sculpture Exhibit 1961
NESSLER (718 Mad. at 64), Apr. 3-22: Charles Sibley; Apr. 24-May 13: Jack Bookbinder
NEW (50 E. 78), Apr.: Modern European and American Masters
NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lex. at 81), Apr. 11-29: Estrag
NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Apr.: 17th & 18th Century Masters
NEW MASTERS (19 E. 69), Apr.: J. Sobel, S. Moldovan, A. Kaufmann, A. Walinsky
N. Y. UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER (550 1st Ave.), Apr. 25-May 5: 8th Annual Art Exhibit
NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Mar. 24-Apr. 19: Richard Sargent; Apr. 22-May 17: Howard Fussner
NORDNESS (831 Mad. at 69), Apr. 4-22: Edward Millman; Apr. 25-May 13: Artists at Work
PANORAS (62 W. 56), Apr. 10-22: Viggo Holm Madsen; Apr. 24-May 6: A. Rosenfeld
PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Apr. 11-29: Flower Show; Lewis Stern
PARSONS (15 E. 57), Mar. 14-Apr. 8: Seymour Lipton; Apr. 10-29: Richard Pou-sette-Dart
PEN AND BRUSH CLUB (16 E. 10), Mem-bers' Sculpture Show
PERIDOT (802 Mad. at 68), Mar. 20-Apr. 15: Joel Goldblatt; Apr. 17-May 13: New Lithographs by N. Y. Artists
PERLGS (1016 Mad. at 78), Apr. 4-May 6: Modern Masters
PHOENIX (40 3rd at 10), Mar. 31-Apr. 20: Annick Du Charme; Apr. 21-May 11: Stan-ley Fein

PHYLLIS LUCAS (161 E. 52), May 1-June 15: Old Theatrical Prints
PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Mar. 21-Apr. 15: B. Arnold-Kayser; Apr. 25-May 21: Yarnall
POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Mar. 13-Apr. 8: Diebenkorn; Apr. 10-29: Jules Olitski
POOR MAN'S (438 E. 75), Mar. 31-Apr. 15: Thomas E. Deeds
PORTRAITS INC. (136 E. 57), Apr.: Con-tem-porary Portraits
RADICH (818 Mad. at 68), Apr.: Group
RAY (325 Flatbush Ave.), Apr. 16-May 6: Rose Henschel
REHN (36 E. 61), Mar. 27-Apr. 15: Henry V. Poor
RICE (1451 Lex. at 94), Apr. 2-28: Caspar Henselmann
ROKO (867 Mad. at 74), Apr. 3-26: Anne Brigadier; Apr. 17-May 10: Fiorenzo Giorgi
ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Apr. 5-May 6: Ingres in American Collections
ROTHSCHILD (27 W. 67), by appointment-Apr. 14-May 18: Paul Freeman
SAGITTARIUS (777 Mad. at 67), Mar. 27-Apr. 8: A. Salemme; Apr. 24-May 6: J. Pickens
SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), Apr. 6-May 6: Cesar
ST. ETIENNE (24 W. 57), Apr. 17-May 13: Raimonds Stopans
ST. JAMES CHURCH (865 Mad. at 71), Apr. 30-May 13: 7 Haitian Non-Primitive Painters
SALPETER (42 E. 57), Apr. 10-29: Harold Crowley
SCHEFFER (32 E. 57), Mar. 20-Apr. 8: Julio Girano; Apr. 10-29: Nicholas Marsicano; May 1-20: Donald Cammell
SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Apr.-May: Im-portant Modern French Paintings
SCHWEITZER (205 E. 54), Apr.: New Ac-quisitions
SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57), Apr. 4-22: Wallace Potham; Apr. 25-May 13: Aline Porter
SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Apr. 3-31: Magic in African Sculpture
SEIFERHELD (158 E. 64), Mar. 13-Apr. 11: Master Drawings; Apr. 15-May 15: Italian Master Drawings
SELECTED ARTISTS (903 Mad. at 72), Mar. 28-Apr. 8: Curtis Stocking; Apr. 11-22: Georges Schreiber; Apr. 25-May 6: Reuther
SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), from Apr. 17: John Wheat
SHERMAN (306 E. 72), Apr. 8-22: Max Low; Apr. 24-May 8: Zipora Shmaya
SILAGY (960 Mad. at 75), through Apr.: 19th & 20th Century French Masters
SMALL (8 E. 55), Apr. 4-May 15: Past and Present
SMOLIN (236 E. 80), Mar. 22-Apr. 22: Anne Tobachnick; Apr. 23-May 16: Robert De Niro, drawings
STABLE (33 E. 74), Apr. 3-22: Michael Lowy; Apr. 24-May 13: Joan Mitchell
STAEPMFLI (47 E. 77), Apr. 4-22: Jean Tinguely; Apr. 25-May 13: Stephen Greene
STONE (18 E. 82), Mar. 28-Apr. 22: Tom Doyle; Apr. 25-May 20: Harold Cohen
STUTTMAN (13 E. 75), Apr. 4-22: Gallery Selections: All Media
SUDAMERICANA (10 E. 8), Apr. 1-15: Chu-chu Reyes; Apr. 17-29: Maria Helena Andres
TANAGER (90 E. 10), Apr. 7-27: Lois Dodd; Apr. 28-May 18: Frank Stout
TANNENBAUM (19 E. 59), Mar. 27-Apr. 30: E. Bargeher, W. Gilles, W. Mayer-Gunther
TEN-FOUR GROUP (73 4th at 10), Mar. 31-Apr. 28: George Vranesh
TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Apr.: Nat Herz, photographs
TOZZI (137 E. 57), Medieval Art
TRABIA (14 E. 95), Apr. 10-29: Carlo Guarienti
TWO EXPLORERS (329 E. 47), Apr. 3-21: Gallery Group
VIAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57), Apr. 17-May 4: Hella Maravac
VERCEL (23 E. 63), Apr. 19-May 13: Eddy Legrand
VILLAGE ART CENTER (39 Grove St.), Apr. 10-27: Prize Winners Sculpture Show
VIVIANO (42 E. 57), Mar. 21-Apr. 8: Rudolph von Ripper
WALKER (17 E. 57), Apr.: Wayne Francis Williams
WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), Mar. 6-Apr. 29: Doris Caesar
WHITE (42 E. 57), Mar. 14-Apr. 15: Skol-ing; Apr. 18-May 6: Gillian Jagger
WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Apr. 7-May 7: Masterpieces: Memorial Exhibition for Adele R. Levy-Benefit Show
WILLARD (23 W. 56), Apr. 4-29: Lee Mullican; May 2-27: Charles Saliger
WISE (30 W. 57), Apr. 4-29: Milton Resnick; May 2-27: Abram Schlemowitz
WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), Mar. 15-Apr. 15: Remo Brindisi
WOMEN'S CITY CLUB (277 Park at 47), The Art of the French Poster
WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), Apr. 4-29: Jannis Spyropoulos, Picasso, ceramics; May 2-27: Mirko
ZABRISKIE (36 E. 61), Mar. 27-Apr. 15: Jan Muller; Apr. 17-May 4: George O. (Pop) Hart

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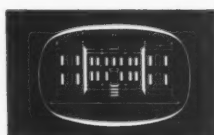
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